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Mail

The Magazine

By GRACE C. HOWARD—

I feel almost as if I were parting with an old and tried friend when I realize that THE DIGEST is going under different ownership. It has been so much a part of our lives since the World War that I shall feel terribly upset in my pattern of living if the format of the paper is greatly changed. On the other hand, I can recall, at the early age of three, scurrying downstairs, early on Sunday mornings, to look over the cartoons in *Review of Reviews*. It was surprising how much such a young child absorbed of world affairs, an interest in current events and a world outlook which has gone on growing and growing throughout the years.

Best regards to the new régime.

Boston.

By HELEN WALKER—

In this changing world, there is seldom something which takes a grip on one's life, filling a definite need. I am an old, old woman now and throughout life I have seen many things come and even more things go. Families are born, get married and go away. Friends, once found, rarely last until the end. But THE DIGEST was different. It was a thing at once of an intellectual and emotional nature.

I can remember following in its pages the course of wars far back, finding in it the clear, concise condensation of what was going on. I can say, quite sincerely and with all my heart, that, despite the news-stands filling up with hundreds of new magazines, there never was anything quite like THE DIGEST—its simplicity, its straightforwardness, its unpretentiousness and its humility of spirit.

I wish the new magazine good luck. Good luck and God's blessings; I hope it will be a worthy successor to a glorious institution.

Kansas City, Kansas.

(Continued on page 39)

NOTHING LIKE
LISTERINE TOOTH
PASTE FOR GETTING
RID OF TOBACCO
DEPOSITS AND TASTE

FOR REAL RESULTS
MY MONEY IS ON
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

TAKE THE TOBACCO FROM YOUR TEETH

Let your mouth wake up and live

A million men are chanting the
praise of Listerine Tooth Paste

Why not start using Listerine Tooth Paste right now? We'll wager you will like it better than any you've ever used. A million men say here's a dentifrice with real action . . . real results. And real economy, too. Think of it! more than $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of first-rate dentifrice in the big 40¢ tube.

Fights smokers' teeth

Discover for yourself how easily it wipes from your teeth those ugly deposits stained by tobacco smoke. Your teeth stand revealed sturdy, white, and shining. Feel it wake up your mouth and gums. You never knew anything so stimulating as that won-

derful feeling of freshness it gives.

Your breath, sir

See how Listerine Tooth Paste combats breath odors that do you no good socially or in business. You'd expect such action, of course, from the name this tooth paste bears.

Ask your wife

Your wife probably knows about Listerine Tooth Paste; if she follows the news. It's a favorite of professional beauties of the New York studios who "live by their smiles"—girls who simply can't afford to risk the beauty of their teeth. Its results are so amazing that these glamour women actually call it their "beauty bath for teeth."

Get a tube from your druggist now. In two big economical sizes—double size 40¢, regular 25¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



More than $\frac{1}{4}$ POUND of tooth paste
in the double size tube—40¢

Regular size tube—25¢

PREFER
POWDER?
We make a dandy
IT'S
soapless

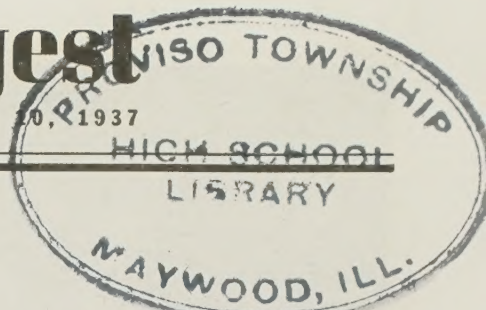




SHE MUST HAVE GOOD TELEPHONE
APPARATUS TO GIVE YOU GOOD SER-
VICE...BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED
ON *Western Electric** QUALITY.

* Makers of Bell telephone apparatus for more than 50 years.





Topics of the day

POUND OF FLESH CHOKES LOAN-SHARK

Hoisting Greedy Money-Lenders With Their Own Petard

"A money-lender," said Addison, "is one who serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive and ruins you in the future."

Sometimes, however, the money-lender also ruins himself.

Last week, Louis B. Glass, a jeweler, stood at the bar of justice in the Court of Special Sessions, New York, and was sentenced to three months in the workhouse because he had grandiose ideas about interest rates on small loans.

It was only in a Pickwickian sense that Mr. Glass could have been classified as a jeweler. It is true that he kept a shop in Nassau Street, in the heart of the downtown jewelry district, but, like several other so-called jewelers, his interest in diamonds, watches and bracelets was purely secondary.

His real talent was for lending money at spiral rates. It was this proclivity which led to his present embarrassment.

Climax—The Glass case marked the end of a long campaign conducted at intervals by Special Prosecutor Thomas A. Dewey and District Attorney William C. Dodge to rid the metropolis of unlicensed money-lenders, otherwise known as loan-sharks.

The laws of the State of New York, as well as those of twenty-one other States of the Union, provide what appears to be a generous rate of interest for makers of small, unsecured loans up to \$300. The rate varies from 36 to 42 per cent. a year (3 to 3½ per cent. a month).

Agencies such as the Remedial Loan Department of the Russell Sage Foundation and the American Association of Personal Finance Companies have favored these rates in "Uniform Small-Loan Laws" to protect honest dealers and assure them a reasonable profit upon a somewhat hazardous investment.

Licenses are issued to lenders who function within legal limits. New York's clean-up was directed against extra-legal lenders—hard-boiled boys who sought (and often obtained) from 100 to 800 per cent. on their investments.

Racket—Attack centered on a system variously described as the "garnishee" racket, the "loan-shark" racket and the "shy" racket. (Last term testifies to the underworld's facility in condensing Shakespeare.) In all, fifty-six indictments were returned by grand juries. Fifty-four of those indicted entered pleas of guilty.

Glass and Irving Sacks, another pseudo-jeweler, elected to stand trial. Both were convicted. Sacks's interest on loans to city employees ranged up to 800 per cent., according to the prosecutor's charge. He drew an indeterminate sentence to the penitentiary.

Investigation revealed that many New York victims were municipal or county

employees. Indeed, almost three per cent. of the workers on *Father Knickerbocker's* pay-roll to-day have garnishment executions against their salaries and nearly \$1,000,000 a year is being collected by the city from these employees and turned over to their creditors.

Victims—Not only underpaid workers, it would seem, fall into the clutches of loan-sharks and other lenders. The record shows that many well-paid city and county officials and some minor court judges have *Mr. Micawber's* propensity of becoming involved in "pecuniary difficulties over which they have no control."

Salaries of eight out of sixty-five aldermen (\$5,000 a year) have garnishee execu-

TO OUR READERS

For forty-seven years THE LITERARY DIGEST has come each week to its millions of readers and for their unfailing support during these years in all our undertakings we wish to express our deep gratitude. During all this long time, the studied effort of its founders, owners and editors has been to present world opinion and world news in an entertaining, helpful and decent fashion. We are happy to place this not unimportant heritage in hands that we feel are as competent as ours to continue these ideals. The merger of *Review of Reviews* and THE LITERARY DIGEST is a fortunate one. Both have similar backgrounds and almost identical histories. It is more than pleasant then to know that the destinies of THE DIGEST will be guided by Dr. Albert Shaw, dean of news-magazine publishers, and by his sons. Therefore, to these men and their associates, who will assume charge of this publication with the next issue, go our best wishes for their highest possible success.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

tions against them. Seven assistant or deputy district attorneys are in a similar dilemma and so are three Municipal Court Judges, one of whom is subject to salary deductions for the next fifty years. One County Judge (salary \$24,000) has seven outstanding judgments against him, while one County Commissioner must live 150 years to pay off his garnishment deductions.

In most States, when a city employee or any one else borrows money and fails to repay, legal retribution is swift. His creditor, having exhausted other remedies, may sue for the remainder of the debt and obtain a judgment. When an execution issued upon this judgment is not satisfied, the creditor legally may collect 10 per cent. of the earnings of the debtor.

Cure—In the case of municipal employees involved in the garnishee scandal in New York, it was necessary merely for the creditor to file an execution with the Chief

Clerk of the Department of Finance and pay a \$2 fee. The city could do nothing about the matter.

It was forced to obey, for the law compels both municipal and private corporations to withhold 10 per cent. of their employees' salaries when such formal demand is made. Sometimes private corporations prevent garnishment by firing employees whose salaries are garnisheed; but this remedy is of doubtful value to the debtor.

Last year, a national study conducted by *The Monthly Labor Review* showed that municipal employees, whose income might be regarded as more regular than that of most workers in these post-depression days, are garnisheed more frequently than men and women engaged in private industry. A survey of thirty-two industrial establishments revealed there were more than three times as many garnishment executions against city employees as against selected private employees.

Peculiar operations of "jewelers" in the "shy" racket which victimized municipal employees of New York were made the subject of a special report to Mayor LaGuardia by Commissioner Paul Blanshard of the Department of Investigation and Accounts. The report showed that the greatest abuses in the garnishment system grew out of the methods of so-called jewelry-lenders.

Operations—"These jewelry-lenders," said Commissioner Blanshard, "extract an annual tribute of almost a quarter of a million dollars from the ranks of the lowest-paid city employees. By evasion of the law, they frequently charge from 200 to 300 per cent. for the money they advance on jewelry. . . ."

The loan-shark jeweler, according to the Commissioner, has a method all his own. He does not follow procedure made legal by the "Small-Loan Law," because he is not satisfied to limit his interest to the law's generous provisions.

"He often solicits business by disarming letters which make the city employee believe that he can borrow with a minimum of red tape," explained the report to Mayor LaGuardia. "Just show your badge and your credit is good up to \$500," he says in his appeal. When a city employee swallows the bait and applies for a loan, however, he is met with a smooth explanation.

"I'm sorry I can't lend you the money," says the loan-shark, "because I don't have a State license from the Banking Department to do that sort of thing, but I will help you, anyway. I have a gorgeous diamond ring here that I could lend you and I don't need a license to do that. You can take the ring down the street to the pawn-shop and they'll advance you \$200 on it."

Hooked—When the beguiled city employee accepts the ring and signs a harmless-looking paper, he believes he is giving a receipt for the ring, but no such thing. Actually, the paper is a confession of



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Shylock suspects shy before camera as they are herded into court

judgment and is used as evidence that the employee bought a ring for \$350. The loan-shark alleges that the transaction was a bona-fide sale when he sends the execution to the Comptroller's office for collection of 10 per cent. of the employee's wages.

There is nothing on the face of the record to indicate that the loan is a swindle, but it is, nevertheless.

"Usually," said Commissioner Blanshard, "the City employee who has 'bought' the ring finds it impossible to borrow more than \$50 from a pawnbroker on the ring, which has an alleged value of \$350. After the City employee has made fruitless attempts to get a reasonable sum on the ring, he usually returns to the loan-shark to protest, but, invariably, the shark is nowhere to be found and his clerk is very sorry, but knows nothing about the transaction."

"The victim, in desperation, accepts the largest loan he can secure, usually a very small portion of the value suggested by the loan-shark. He never knows his salary is garnished until there is a reduction in his pay-check."

Goal—There is nothing sectional about the activities of loan-sharks. Technique may change in given localities, but to make game of the needy seems to be the universal objective.

Not long ago a girl clerk in a Minnesota railway office went to a local money-lender and borrowed \$25. Fourteen months later, she had paid \$125 interest and still owed the original \$25.

In Kentucky, a borrower was asked to pay \$5 interest to borrow \$10 for one month—50 per cent. a month. He faltered on the payment, the lender garnished his wages.

The boss didn't like it and discharged the borrower.

In four large cities in Texas it is estimated that at least 500 loan-sharks do a rushing business. There is nothing secretive about their operations. They advertise in newspapers, litter streets with their handbills, average 250 per cent. interest and collect \$15,000,000 a year from needy or extravagant Texans.

Aubrey Graves, reporter for the Fort Worth Press, wrote a series of articles two years ago in which he estimated that in Dallas alone one out of every five adults was paying tribute to loan-sharks to the tune of 120 to 600 per cent.

Mr. Graves revealed that Texan loan-sharks had evolved an ingenious system for dealing with laggards. If a victim doesn't pay up on time, they harass him. They phone his wife and boss (not necessarily synonymous) until both become exasperated. The victim himself is awakened by a 3 A.M. phone-call and told he better quit stalling and pay up. If the wretched debtor has his phone service discontinued to avoid further embarrassment, the lenders phone his next-door neighbors and tell them all about his predicament.

This generally works. He pays something on account.



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A worker runs a gantlet of hissing, jeering women as he returns to his job at Bethlehem Steel

BLACK SMOKE: Whistles Blow and Time-Clocks Are Punched; C.I.O. Still Defiant

Smoke that smelled "as good as mother's home cooking," as one worker put it, belched from the black stacks of Inland Steel Company's East Chicago mill late last week. It meant that the five-weeks' strike of C.I.O. workers was at an end.

Whistles blew and 10,000 men, packed shoulder to shoulder and, moving three abreast, marched soberly and quietly through two wide gates into the mill, punched time-clocks and went to work.

Just when it had seemed that hopes of a truce in the long-drawn-out fight were fading away and 3,900 National Guardsmen had marched into the steel-mill district of East Chicago, announcement of a truce was made by Van A. Bittner, Regional Director of the Committee for Industrial Organization.

Pact—Briefly, the truce amounted to this:

The Inland Company agreed to recognize the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee as bargaining agent for its members only; it agreed also to take workers back without discrimination. Pending a settlement by the National Labor Relations Board of the complaint of S.W.O.C. that the Inland Company has violated the Wagner Act by refusing to enter into a signed agreement, work will go ahead.

The question of whether a signed agreement is required or not remains the crux of the entire controversy. The truce agreements were not between the steel company officials and union representatives, but between the representatives of each side and Gov. M. Clifford Townsend of Indiana.

When news of the agreement spread through East Chicago late last Wednesday night, it provoked a wild demonstration. Grim picket-lines suddenly were transformed into a cheering throng "We won the strike," cried the leaders.

But when the men returned to work the next day, there was no noisy outburst;

merely a sober joy at the prospect of work and pay, for the strikers had been losing about \$100,000 a day since the strike began. One woman pressed near the gate, pushing a baby-buggy with an eighteen-month-old child. She waved cheerily to her husband as he passed through the gate. She said she and her husband had depended for their living on a roomer who had not been affected by the strike. "As long as he worked, we ate," she sighed.

Reversal—In sharp contrast was the scene a mile and one-half away outside the steel-and-tin mills of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, where the strike still raged and ugly moods showed themselves. Five hundred workers straggled along the street before the tin-mill. Across the way was a group of thirty men. The strikers called them "Independents," because they were members of an independent union which had sponsored a "back-to-work" movement in the midst of the strike. Boos and hisses flew between the groups while thirty policemen patrolled the scene.

A block or two away, 2,000 more pickets, in groups of threes and fours, marched by the steel-mill gates. They insisted they never would surrender. "We are more determined than ever to remain on strike," said one picket. "We are in better spirits than ever, now that Inland has settled."

While peace and hopes of peace pervaded the East Chicago district last week, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, saw a fresh outbreak of violence. Thunderous blasts of dynamite ripped open two water-mains feeding the reopened Cambria plant of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. No lives were lost, 6,000 men again were thrown out of work.

Mayor Daniel J. Shields, infuriated, dispatched sharp appeals to President Roosevelt and Gov. George H. Earle of Pennsylvania that they take appropriate action to save his town from devastating effects of labor strife. He asked the President to restrain John L. Lewis, C.I.O. chief, and his representatives in Johnstown, who, he said, boasted of the President's support.

Hot—"My purpose in appealing to you directly," he wired, "and not through the Governor of Pennsylvania, was a good one, namely, the fact that the followers of John L. Lewis parade our streets and highways, terrorizing good citizens and insisting that they have Presidential support.

"Mr. President, it seems preposterous that John L. Lewis has your support in his ruthless activities. Men can be driven so long by a minor Titan. It is my honest judgment that the good citizenry of my city, which is in the vast majority, has been driven as far as they intend to go, and, now, if John L. Lewis will not withdraw his highly objectionable representatives, the people of my city may take the law in their own hands.

"Mr. President, I appeal to you directly to make it possible for the good citizens of my community to enjoy the liberty for which our forefathers spilled their blood and this can be accomplished by the overthrow of the un-American empire that John L. Lewis is building up."

President Roosevelt made no rejoinder to the Mayor's telegram, but earlier the same day, before word of the Johnstown dynamiting had reached Washington, he had told a press conference at the White House that he believed the country, as a whole, was saying of the steel strike:

"A plague on both your houses."

Later, a White House official interpreted the quotation from "Romeo and Juliet" in this way:

"The use of 'both your houses' means houses of extremists on both sides—those who want violence on one hand and those who will not negotiate on the other."

The President's remark was one of the few comments he has made on the steel strike since it was called on May 26. A few weeks ago, he criticized steel corporation heads for refusing to sign contracts with their employees by saying that those who were willing to make verbal agreements should be willing to put them in writing. The only other statement that has come from the White House, in connection with the strike, was his telegram to Tom Girdler of the Republic Steel Corporation and Frank Purnell of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, asking them not to reopen their plants in the interest of a peaceful settlement.

But the President's "Romeo and Juliet" quotation failed to satisfy some of the President's supporters. The New York Times declared that friends of the President, who had been hoping, for months, that he would speak out clearly on the labor situation, would be disappointed at its indefiniteness.

"Mr. Roosevelt has always shown the ability to be clear when he wanted to be clear," said *The Times*, "but he has not spoken specifically against the sit-down strike, against strikes in violation of contract, against destruction of property by strikers, of their blocking of the highways or their use of physical force to prevent men from continuing to work. It would clear the air if the President were to speak out on these matters with the authority and weight that only his words can carry."

Attack—The President's statement came about the same hour that Sen. Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina was deploring the failure of government to meet the issue created by strike lawlessness.

"We have now had six months of C.I.O. activity," Senator Bailey declared. "It has proceeded by way of sit-down strikes, the unlawful seizure of prop-

erty of others. It has seized the mails of the United States and compelled the Post Office Department not to deliver, even not to accept, certain mail."

Senator Bailey charged that great numbers of workers had been prevented from returning to work by force of arms and that workers were compelled, by intimidation, to sign up and pay dues to C.I.O. unions.

10%: Tacked Onto Your Bill "To Insure Promptness," It Now Buys Servitor's Cigarettes

American tourists abroad this summer had heard that tipping was to be abolished in La Belle France, but they have found it isn't so. It seems 10 per cent. still is *dix pour cent*.

The Chamber of Deputies went so far as to pass an antitipping bill by a margin of two votes. Then, lusty-voiced Senators said any such smashing of tradition was contrary to the palm-offering ceremonies of the French. Too Utopian for 1937, they argued.

The business of tipping is a major industry. Every now and again, some one raises a howl. Servitors receiving the tips really aren't getting them at all—that is one cry. Tipping suggestions drive away customers—is another. Only recently, the Hungarian Government abolished the practise in hotels and restaurants.

An occasional antitipping flurry arises in this country. Arkansas, Georgia, Iowa, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee and Washington have seen antitipping laws disregarded and repealed eventually.

Definition—The United States Internal Revenue Bureau has its own interpretation of tips: Where an accounting of tips or redistribution of them is made, the tips are considered wages. If a waitress merely reported the amount of her tips to an employer, then they become wages, even if she doesn't turn them in for redistribution.

Recently, the Bureau made another ruling. Where a club does not permit the



Sir Harry Lauder tips with a smile . . . but his inner self rebels

Acme

tipping of employees, but adds 10 per cent. to the café charges made against members and distributes that amount monthly to waiters, these sums constitute taxable "wages" as defined by the unemployment and old age provisions of the Social Security Act.

Proposed new antitipping laws would require, in a word, that all such public places display signs notifying the public:

1. That no tips are acceptable.
2. That tips, if bestowed, become the property of the attendant receiving them.
3. That tips, if bestowed, are not kept by the employee, but are turned over to proprietor of the establishment.

Before the War, tipping was a matter of the purse. "Diamond Jim" Brady is reputed to have given away many \$100 bills for good service. After the War, with the inflation of currencies in Europe, American tourists started giving away any note they could get their hands on. The result was that waiters began to expect more. During inflation, Germany ordered 10 per cent. added to every bill for service.

Smiles—Then, again, during speakeasy days, butter-and-egg men with fat wads of bills would not hesitate to press a big note in the hands of the hat-check girl or doorman—just for recognition or a smile. Speakeasy owners early decided to capitalize on this racket, leasing their check-rooms as concessions. The girls got the money, but passed it on to the boss. This practise still exists.

The word "tip" is supposed to have been derived from coin-boxes which used to be displayed in English inns with this legend: "To Insure Promptness." And the time was when a "tip" was a simple gratuity, retained by the person rendering the service.

Last week, the Longchamps chain of restaurants in New York City took over the food concessions for the Bermuda and proposed transatlantic air-lines. They always add 10 per cent. to bills in their ten branches and assure patrons that waiters receive the money. For this reason, their staffs remain and they have an extra-small labor turnover.

MAN-HUNTERS: If Felons Stopped to Play With Bloodhounds, They'd Find Them Gentle

Bloodhounds are coming into their own again. While the rest of the country watches—and listens—Trooper William Horton of the Hawthorne Barracks, New York, devotes his spare time to training these canine man-hunters. Preliminary experiments have proved highly successful. One murderer has been apprehended, numerous law-breakers have been captured and several missing persons located.

Begun as a hobby two years ago, training of bloodhounds first won Trooper Horton recognition on September 27, 1935, when he took his dogs to fashionable Dobbs Ferry, New York, to locate Grover A. Whalen, Jr. The son of New York City's ex-Police Commissioner had disappeared at 8 o'clock in the morning. Kidnaping fears, alarming the countryside, had sent men scouring the Hudson Valley. Eight hours had passed before grim-faced men gave up their search to the two dogs of Trooper Horton.

Getting their scent from a piece of the boy's clothing, the bloodhounds settled

into their harnesses. Heads held high—bloodhounds don't stop to sniff the ground when following a fresh trail—they headed for a swampy ravine. In twenty minutes, they found young Whalen, wandering, dazed by a fall.

Earnings—Invaluable in searching for lost children, Leon Whitney, whose private kennel at Orange, Connecticut, is the unofficial aid of Connecticut State Police, tells of being called out on a case after 700 men had spent seventeen hours in a vain search. His trained dogs, which he values at \$500 each, he considers inexpensive in their efficiency.

Like the dogs of Trooper Horton, they found their child with a minimum expenditure of energy. For a private detective who bought one of them, they earned \$1,700 in six weeks; this at the standard fee of \$50 for local service and \$100 when the dog goes out of town.

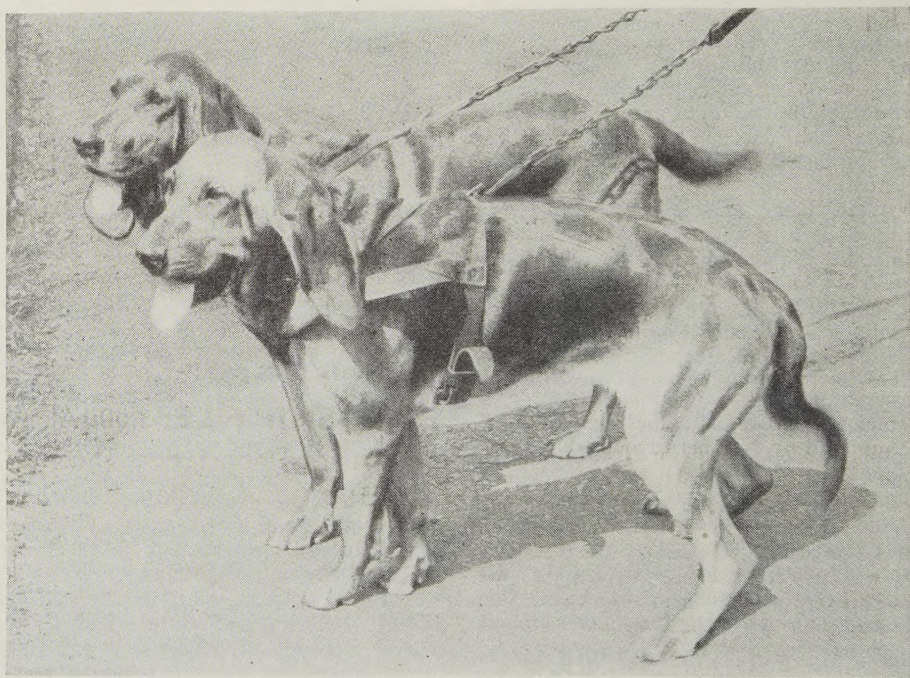
In their training lies the value of bloodhounds, which sell as puppies for \$50 to

trained to work without a leash and bay their whereabouts on the trail. For suburban work, they are trained to work on a leash, muting their melodious voices.

Following the trail, bloodhounds do not track from the actual footprints of a fugitive; often they travel fifty or seventy-five feet to the side of the trail where the wind has drifted the scent. Intelligently lazy feat is that of Miss Columbia, trailing a horse for her master, Dr. J. B. Fulton of Beatrice, Nebraska.

Miss Columbia got the horse's scent from a currycomb, followed the trail to the main road and got the direction in which the missing horse had started. Then, she sat down and waited for her trainer.

When he arrived, via horse and carriage, she leaped up beside him and rode contentedly to the first fork in the road. There, of her own accord, she jumped down, decided which direction to take and climbed up in the carriage again.



Lowell Ames Norris

Docile bloodhounds from Hawthorne Barracks (New York) are demons on the trail

\$100. Before the puppy is six months old, she receives from one trainer all food and attention required. After the dog, usually a female, has been taught certain fundamental commands and received a baptism in traffic, she is taken to the field and allowed to see the person playing the rôle of trail-setter. Each time she makes her way to the spot where the trail-setter last was seen, the puppy receives a reward.

Second lesson: A portion of clothing worn by the trail-setter is taken to a secluded spot. The dog is led there, head held high in the air, then allowed to concentrate on the scented clothing. Then the trainer picks up the clothing and leads the dog to the spot where the trail-setter last had been sighted.

Third lesson: Catching onto the game, the puppy soon learns to find the trail-setter by smelling his clothing, then following his trail; eventually, she learns to hold prisoner the trail-setter until help arrives.

Fourth lesson: In the Southwest, where bloodhounds are used by penitentiaries to track down escaped criminals, they are

Needless to say, Miss Columbia got her horse—and her man.

Terrain—Following a scent which lasts forty-eight hours in good weather, bloodhounds are most useful in countrysides with fresh-plowed earth, railroad-ties and shrubbery to which scent will cling.

Last summer, in the Catskills, Old Red of the Hawthorne Barracks set out after George Soden, Indian half-breed wanted for the murder of Hattie Knapp, young widow of Hazel, New York. Soden had slipped into the wilds, leaving city sleuths with no way of tracking him.

From an old cap found in the home of the murdered woman, Old Red took the scent. This time he was dealing with a man skilled in woodcraft, adept in the art of covering trails and doubling and redoubling until pursuit seemed useless. A night passed and another day was drawing to a close when Old Red suddenly tugged at his leash.

"A fresh scent," was Trooper Horton's whispered opinion to his companion.

Breaking his customary silence with a

loud, triumphant bay, Old Red dug into the trail, swerved and led the way down the mountain. Far down the valley came a cry: "Help! Soden!"

Caught—The dog's voice had turned the trick; breaking into a run, the Troopers met the man who had given the alarm.

"He's gone into the fern-brakes," the man said. "Be careful. He's armed."

It was getting dark; the Troopers hardly could find footing, but Old Red already was pushing his way through the thick undergrowth. Then came the sharp bark of Old Red, the scream of a man: "Take him away! He'll kill me!"

Trooper Horton found Soden crouching against a rotten tree-trunk, arms raised to ward off the rearing bloodhound. Obviously, the fugitive was in no mood for fighting. "I'll confess!" he cried. "Only keep that dog away. . . ."

Soden, had he known, need not have feared the fangs of the bloodhound. American bloodhounds stem from the English breed brought to America for the bench-show of the Westminster Kennel Club of New York in 1888 and are but distantly related to the vicious Cuban bloodhound, once used by Spaniards to trail slaves and criminals. Likewise their forbidding name is deceiving. Tho there are several explanations of the origin of "blood" hound, most logical is that high ecclesiastics in the twelfth century maintained packs of highly bred or "blooded" talbots.

Mutts—Nor are the bloodhounds of to-day related to those famed for chasing *Little Eva* across the ice, hounds bred with mastiffs or great Danes, or simply running with vicious mongrels who did the attacking. Most of these dogs were exterminated by Northern troops during the War Between the States.

The manager of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show once gave away the secret to a friend who said: "But those are not bloodhounds you've got there. Those are great Danes."

"I know it," confessed the manager. "But people think they are bloodhounds. They wouldn't stand for a genuine bloodhound. He's too tame and gentle."

J. L. Winchell of Fairhaven, Vermont, however, could stand for the bloodhounds at the Westminster show and took up the breeding of them in this country. Most gentle and docile of all breeds, Mr. Winchell says the bloodhound merely reproaches with big, sad eyes any one accidentally stepping on its toes.

But it is seldom that a bloodhound forgets an intentional injury. A kennelman thoughtlessly jabbed a paint-brush into the inquiring nose of Rosemary, one of the famous hounds of Mr. Winchell's breed. Until her dying day, the kennelman couldn't go near her.

Training—Like a child, the bloodhound is extremely jealous, craves affection and can be trained easily by the reward technique. If it does something wrong, it realizes it instantly and is willing to suffer punishment without a whimper. Beaten for an act of which it is not guilty, it will fight for its rights.

American bloodhounds, bred for man-trailing ability without much regard for show doings, still have much physical beauty. Chief characteristic of the breed is the head, a skull long and narrow, muzzle deep and square. Long, silky ears are

as sensitive as their noses, which they continually wash in any available water.

Mournful eyes lend a tragic look not in keeping with their sporting dispositions. It is the excitement of the chase that "gets" them. If the cornered criminal would but stand still and play with them!

With shoulders deep and powerfully sloping, necks covered with a loose, silky hide or dewlap, they show the rippling muscles of a man's dog. Yet, they will take abuse from children.

Yarn—A Californian who lived on a ranch as a boy tells the following story: "A posse came up to my mother's house one afternoon, during a driving snow-storm. They were after a desperate criminal and heavily armed. But what got me were their two monstrous bloodhounds."

"As the posse was to spend the night in our home, I was frightened to death out there in the shed or lean-to where I slept. And you can imagine my feeling when I awakened late that night to see outlined in the doorway one of those creatures. With hands shaking, I managed to pull the cover over my head. I was too frightened to scream when the dog padded across the floor, put one foot on my bed. Every instant I expected the end, stuck out a feeble hand only to delay the inevitable."

"My hand touched something warm, loose, baggy. It was not torn off instantly. And then I knew that this was not a monster, just a big, cold, lonely dog. Gratefully, I tucked the covers around my new friend."

HARDSHIP FILE: 3,000 Aliens Are Facing Deportation, Tho They May Not Deserve It

Packed away in the files of Edward J. Shaughnessy, Acting Commissioner of Naturalization and Immigration, is a list of 3,000 persons who may be told any day now that they must pack up and leave the country.

It is known as the "hardship file." The names are those of men and women, boys and girls whose deportation would work serious hardship either upon themselves or others who would be left behind.

All are aliens accused of having entered this country illegally or of having been guilty of offenses involving moral turpitude in their native lands.

Under the law they face automatic deportation, regardless of extenuating circumstances, tho it is conceded by authorities that some of those listed do not deserve their fate.

Stigma—Many of those classified as having "illegally entered" are so stigmatized on account of technical irregularity. Perhaps a name was misspelled. Confusion and loss of record results in the arrest and deportation of an alien, tho he may have been in the country many years, may have been respectable and law-abiding, may have married and become the head of a family. Or, through no fault of her own, a little girl may have been brought to the country illegally by her parents. A case:

Nearly twenty years ago, a native of Mexico brought his family to Colorado. There were several children. The wife died. The father took the youngest of the

children, a girl of two, back to Mexico, where she was born. The child was kept in Mexico until after passage of the 1924 Immigration Act, which severely restricted the number of aliens admissible. Then the father crossed the border, took the girl to her sisters in Colorado.

According to the law, she was in this country illegally. No doubt about it.

WIFE-PATTERN: Men Seek Blondes Who Talk Like Brunettes and Act Like Redheads

"Every single woman that I ever knew is a puzzle to me," wrote Thackeray in "Mr. Brown's Letters."

Perhaps it is because widowers are fond of solving puzzles that so many of them turn to single women, not widows, when they make their second trip to the altar.

Such, at least, is a plausible deduction from a survey of the subject made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company showing that 45.5 per cent. of widowers who remarry take spinsters for wives.

Debt—"The world owes a lot to spinsters," says the Rev. Clinton C. Cox of Chicago, "and it is about time to recognize it." Setting action to words, he preached a sermon at the Drexel Park Presbyterian Church, entitled "Tribute to Spinsters."

"Some of the finest things in history have been done by unmarried women," he began, and "I give you eight old maids":

1. Florence Nightingale, the saint of modern nursing.
2. Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross.
3. Jane Addams, noted social worker and founder of Hull House.
4. Christabel Pankhurst, organizer of the British women's suffrage movement.
5. Susan B. Anthony, organizer of American women's suffrage movement.
6. Mary Lon, pioneer in the education of women in America and founder of Mount Holyoke College.
7. Queen Elizabeth of England.
8. Miriam, sister of Moses, who devoted her life to her family.

Any woman can get married if she wishes to, but it takes will-power to remain a spinster—will-power or greater interest in a career than in a man.

Welfare—The question of marriage in general interests Mrs. Nelle Stull, president and founder of a national organization interested in the welfare of widows and widowers, who is convinced that "the happiest marriages are second marriages, for real loves comes only in the second marriage."

She admits to 15,000 proposals herself and believes that she is "the only woman in the world who can honestly keep a secret."

While Mrs. Stull contends that men (she does not say gentlemen) still prefer blondes, "what they really want is a girl who looks like a blonde, talks like a brunette and acts like a redhead," she says. As for young boys—bachelors—"they want good looks, health, a good figure, a girl with a job and money." Old men, on the other hand, "want women who can satisfy their vanity and who will flatter and baby them."

"Women," she adds, "want a meal-ticket, excitement and caveman stuff." Breaking down the generalization, she states that middle-aged women look for "moderate comfort and companionship."

The Week With the Columnists

It's the Heat:

Raymond Clapper

It's the heat-wave. Every one is mad or scared or both.

John Lewis says Tom Girdler is a "heavily armed monomaniac who has gone berserk." Girdler says Lewis is a communistic terrorist. He calls the Taft Mediation Board "incompetent and unfair" and says the National Labor Relations Board holds elections unfair to management.

Lady Astor marvels that a man so hated as Roosevelt "can keep from hating back."

Bernard Shaw says Congress needs "drastic lynching." He probably would compromise on mere lynching.

Stanley Baldwin—the thing has spread all over the world—urges a fight to the death against extremists in Great Britain.

The medical adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office recommends that the Government pick its officials by blood type—men with O-type blood are the best. "We no longer want pale, anemic, genius-type fellows in the Government but robust chaps who are vigorous and full-blooded."

Prime Minister Chamberlain urges his country to be calm. "I believe that if we can exercise patience, caution and self-restraint we may yet save the peace of Europe." Which sounds like optimism whistling its way along the graveyard.

What the human race needs, apparently, is a vacation, preferably with pay.

From this kind of live news one escapes gladly to any place he can go. One comforting place to turn is into a little book, "A Good Word for Democracy," written by S. E. Forman, a sage teacher about government.

"Majority rule," he says, "is resorted to because it is a practical way of getting things done. It is resorted to in a democracy not in order that 'right reason and the will of God' may prevail but in order that Government may go ahead with its business. . . . The minority acquiesces not because it is convinced that it is wrong, but because it has discovered that it is in fact a minority. With its numerical inferiority ascertained and staring it in the face it decides that acquiescence is the way of prudence and peace."

"No sensible man ever said that the will of the majority makes a thing right. 'All will bear in mind,' says Jefferson, 'that tho the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression.'"

"So the minority has the right to expect that the rule of the majority will be the rule of wisdom, moderation and justice. Democracy postulates that men at bottom have a decent respect for the rights of others."

War:

Howard Vincent O'Brien

The fear of war is world-wide. But everywhere is a fear of something worse than war. Those who are haunted by that fear are not often aware of it. They

can not say what it is that troubles them. They can only hint at it in brief snatches of exasperation. In the hearts of millions is the thought that dying in a trench is no worse than living in a gutter. They listen hopefully to the promise of one politician after another, but life gets no easier. Instead, it gets harder. The promised land is always just over the hill and each year the hill seems to get steeper.

These people—and from what I can learn they are the majority everywhere—have sickened at pious platitudes. Peace has not been what they were assured it would be. They are beginning to wonder if war may not have its points. Only a few remember the last one and they are dying off. A new generation, knowing nought of war, has come of age. It is restless and disgusted. It sneers at such things as the League of Nations. War, it begins to believe, is the only way out of the doldrums. In a war, things move. In a war, at any rate, a chap gets fed and clothed and housed.

Wheat, Oil and Hell:

Hugh S. Johnson

Revisiting here my home State of Oklahoma after weeks in the welter of gossip in Washington, the wrangling of the strike situation and the general intellectual writhing on the Eastern seaboard, it is a relief to be where these things are heard only as echoes.

Oklahoma is busy moving a bumper crop of 98 per cent. wheat out of the fields and into the elevators. The price of oil is up and going higher. The refiners are drawing on storage of crude and the oil industry is about to plunge into a boom of wildcatting, discovery and promotion. People are making money—they are no longer nursing disaster.

There are only little islands of gloom, jitters and forebodings that lower over Wall Street—whence I came directly here. These dark spots, as there, are among the Roosevelt haters—the brevet captains of Oklahoma industry reduced to corporals in the disaster in 1933, but now restored to rank and pay. Then they were down in Washington begging Roosevelt to save them and keening along the waste, "like a woman wailing for her demon lover," that the very foundations of the Republic had crumbled.

Now they are not only rescued, they are restored. Oil is around \$1.22 per barrel as against ten cents in 1933 and most of them are as rich as ever. These—and they almost alone—are the Roosevelt haters. Whenever they hear his name they spit. Where it strikes the earth there is a sulfurous flash, a puff of blue smoke and on that spot grass never grows again.

There are the Tom Girdlers of these high, dry plains and incipient bayous. There are not so many of them here as in the Northeast, but it wasn't so long ago that most of them were drillers, tool-dressers and wildcatters themselves, and many of them could give Tom a lead of three full breaths in a cussing contest and still make his line look like a Sunday-school text. Their words wilt weeds at forty yards.

That's a small percentage of the population. Nobody pays much attention except to admire the craftsmanship. There is a slight air of apprehension—"Say, what's really going on in Washington?" This was started by the Court-reorganization plan and continued by rumors of a split between the old Southern Democracy and the New Deal.

This State is normally Democratic and of the Southern persuasion. But it's like Kansas in the old Bryan days when William Allen White said she should raise more corn and less hell. Oklahoma is always ready to raise political hell. One Senator is a fiat-money man and the other got in by outpromising Huey Long.

What's going to happen to labor? Is John Lewis going to be a dictator? This latter slight uneasiness comes, of course, from the strike epidemic.

But there are no real prophets of disaster. Mr. Roosevelt may have lost a little ground, especially in popular confidence, but he could still beat any old deal, or fake new deal, as badly as he beat Landon so far as this State is concerned.

Wind and Whirlwind:

Dorothy Thompson

John L. Lewis is being held responsible for releasing forces which he is not able to control. But who will be responsible for the counter-forces, which are also loose and which may prove eventually even more difficult to control?

I have on my desk a "Warning" issued June 7, ostensibly by a group called "The Vigilantes and Affiliated Organizations." It asserts that "the blood of the founding fathers still courses through the veins of millions of Americans" and then tells us what those with that blood are preparing to do.

"The Key-Men of the Vigilantes and Affiliated Organizations," it asserts, "have a large number of twenty-four-hour men who are ready to respond when called. These men have already received instructions and could converge upon any designated point in overwhelming numbers."

"When the time comes, no quarter or consideration will be shown to the traitors to American democracy. Methods will be ruthless, swift and sure, for when we start we must at any cost rid the nation of the subversive elements who to-day think they are riding the crest of the wave."

In this amazing document the President and Mr. Lewis are described as Public Enemies Nos. 1 and 2 and "The Vigilantes" threaten Mr. Lewis with "appropriate action that will let loose the dogs of civil war." They threaten that if legislation now proposed in Washington passes, "an indignant army of citizens will be taking things into their own hands."

"When the zero hour arrives, there will be no polite knocking upon doors. We will arrive unannounced and in sufficient numbers. We are checking . . . the subversive and radical elements. We do not want the innocent to suffer with the guilty."

* * *

I do not know who sent out this warning and threat of insurrection, which has

Topics in Brief

been received by numerous Members of Congress, but it testifies to a pattern of behavior which is not new. Just now the working classes think that they are very strong. They have an aggressive and able leader; they have a friendly Government with a large majority; they have relief at their back and they have a general economic situation favorable to the demands they make upon industry. Their right to organize themselves into trade-unions is secured to them in law. Now or never, they think, is the time to push ahead, occupy new positions, take new salients.

They are under no illusions about the general benevolence of many employers. They know that most American industrialists heartily dislike the whole principle of trade-unionism and that in organization they are way behind those that have existed for years in countries such as England and Sweden.

But if their leaders and political fellow travelers allow them to continue to resort to violence and if counter-violence flames up in the middle classes and begins to organize itself; if a struggle develops to be settled in the arena of force, this column fears greatly for the workers.

Washington Purge:

Frank R. Kent

Just as there are degrees among Democrats, so are there degrees among New Dealers. They range all the way from reluctant and unbelieving Senate leaders, who think it vital to cut down expenses, restore solvency, cease experimentation and stop fomenting class hatred, to the so-called "intellectual intimates" of the White House, from whom has sprung the amazing legislative program now before Congress with Presidential indorsement.

It is the frequently expressed conviction of the latter that, so far from slowing down, now is the time for an ardent and united drive of all the "liberal forces" toward what the more advanced thinkers among them call "The Third Economy" and which is fairly well exemplified by the pending Administration bills, recently described as revolutionary by as friendly a fellow as Hugh Johnson. It is typical of this group that it should regard with bitterness and suspicion not only those in the opposite camp who dissent, but even their own collaborators in the New Deal.

New Deal Hoods:

Arthur Krock

The open season for conferring college degrees *honoris causa* is ended once more, and once more it is notable that an Administration which has drawn so heavily from the academic ranks has received such slight recognition of this kind. What remains of the Brain Trust again went unhonored, as apparently did former members of this group who have left the Government. And only two Cabinet Ministers were draped with the hood.

Since those honorary degrees which American colleges and universities give to non-members of their own alumni are laurel wreaths for general public service more prized than other tributes, it can reasonably be assumed that educational institutions and their trustees are not particularly happy over what has been going on in Washington during the last year or two.

SOON Japan may be in the mood to trade off Manchukuo to some man with a bear by the tail.—*Chicago Daily News*.

WHENEVER Congress splits with Roosevelt, F.D.R. appears to be left holding the biggest section.—*Dallas Morning News*.

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY, NEITHER DOES EUROPE."—Head-line. Why the distinction without a difference?—*Detroit Free Press*.

AN ILLINOISAN voted forty years, altho not a citizen. Well, he probably didn't turn any tides.—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express*.

JEANETTE MACDONALD's wedding cost \$25,000, which would not be exorbitant if that were the end of it.—*C.H.T. in Kansas City Star*.

"CHINESE CUT OFF PIGTAILS"—Head-line. And in many cases the pigtails are cut off with the wearer's head.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald*.

THAT \$50,000 isn't all the Democratic Party is likely to owe John L. Lewis. There is probable defeat in 1940.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

SOVIET RUSSIA now can talk to the north pole, but it has the greatest difficulty in talking to near-by Germany.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

SUGGESTION to the college graduate: The world is all wet; don't burn up all your energy trying to set it on fire.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal*.

HAVING BECOME ACCUSTOMED to high altitudes, the national debt doesn't seem to fear any ill effects if it climbs still higher.—*Indianapolis News*.

NO WONDER John L. Lewis is in need of more members for his union. He is about to start a newspaper.—*Otis Lorton in Tulsa Daily World*.

IF ALL the candid-camera fiends were placed end to end, life would be more enjoyable.—*Carey Williams in Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal*.

A PENNSYLVANIA WOMAN regained her lost speech after being stung by a bee. Her husband's reaction was not reported.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald*.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY about the economic comeback is that many of the white-collar men haven't any white collars.—*Tampa Morning Tribune*.

LITTLE NATIONS must be brave. You notice it's always the little one that is guilty of starting something.—*Robert Quillen in Detroit Free Press*.

WHAT baseball needs most is a hitter when two are out and the tying and winning runs are on second and third.—*Otis Lorton in Tulsa Daily World*.

THE ancient and honorable three r's, it seems to us, have been changed from readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic to radio, rides and rythm.—*Troy (N.Y.) Record*.

THE White House seems in no hurry to fill the Court vacancy. Meanwhile, the several bright young prospects are aging nicely.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News*.

AN experimenter extinguished a candle-flame by playing a high note on the violin. It may develop that Nero has been unjustly censured.—*Washington Post*.

POLICE officials say most hitch-hikers of slump days have jobs now, in which case they are probably thumbing at a higher angle.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

IF YOU WANT to see better, science now points out, drink milk, but, of course, if you want to see double, you'll have to try something else.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald*.

LIFE in Spain is simplified by the fact you can open every day with the question, "Well, what'll we do to-day; go to war or go to war?"—*H. I. Phillips in Philadelphia Inquirer*.

IT CAN now be assumed that all danger of a European war is past. In fact, the outlook is so peaceful that Soviet Russia has to shoot its own generals.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker*.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has asked Congress for \$160,000,000 for a merchant-fleet. Hereafter, for "Helen of Troy," read "Franklin of Hyde Park."—*Christopher Billopp in Baltimore Evening Sun*.

JUSTICE VAN DEVANTER is going back to the land, but a man who wears knickers, as the camera presents him, will have a hard time getting into our lodge of dirt-farmers.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

ARABS, a consul reports, are gradually swapping off their camels for old used cars, which, we suppose, will later be known to poets as the motor-boats of the desert.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald*.

THE flow of cash into rural sections is said to be greater than at any time since 1930. Sort of a buck-to-the-farm movement, we guess.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald*.

EGYPT has been admitted to membership in the League of Nations, which must hope nobody'll take a notion to go over and despoil the Egyptians.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

THE cost of the depression has been placed at \$149,000,000,000, which doesn't include the number of abandoned two-car garages.—*Carey Williams in Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal*.

HEAD-HUNTERS are on a rampage in the Philippines, but they are relatively harmless in comparison with the American variety of automobile speeder.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THERE WILL be no fan or bubble-dancer at the New York Fair, says Manager Whalen. So that's that, unless Sally Rand pitches a tent opposite the main entrance.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News*.

THEY ARE HAVING trouble getting a midget for the Congressional inquiry into tax evasions. It seems the one they had decided on hadn't paid last year's taxes.—*H. I. Phillips in Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Parade

"The outlook all around," declared **Hannibal E. Hamlin** of Ellsworth, Maine, "is not one calculated to breed very much hope and optimism. A family that does not try to economize is soon due for a financial explosion and the same principle must be applied to government. Both government and its people have forgotten how to save for a rainy day." Mr. Hamlin is the son of the Vice President under Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

At Papeete, **Tahiti**, the natives don't care right now if any tourists come over or not. Vanilla is booming and every Tom, Dick and Harry has his *sarong* full of shekels. They're investing heavily in clothes, liquor and musical instruments. Prize of every momentarily affluent native is the possession of an *armoire-à-glance*, a bulky clothes-cabinet with a mirrored door. To have such a piece of furniture in her otherwise primitive thatched hut is the ambition of every Tahitian maid and matron.

* * *

The House of Lords, on the ground of "public policy," awarded £2,000 to Miss **Emily Fender**, nurse, as heart-balm in her breach-of-promise suit against Sir Anthony Mildmay. They decided that if a man promises to marry a woman as soon as his pending divorce from his wife becomes absolute, the contract is binding.

* * *

It's a day for jubilation when harvest time for lettuce arrives in the Puyallup Valley near Kent, Washington. So happy did **Erma Jackson** feel about it that she took a dip in a batch of lettuce mixed with dressing and emerged good enough to eat.

* * *

Newest fad to reach Miami is the ancient Japanese custom of fish-spearing. Miss **Jacqueline Paulk** is one of those who has made good catches. The women use a peculiar type of glass mask in the sport.



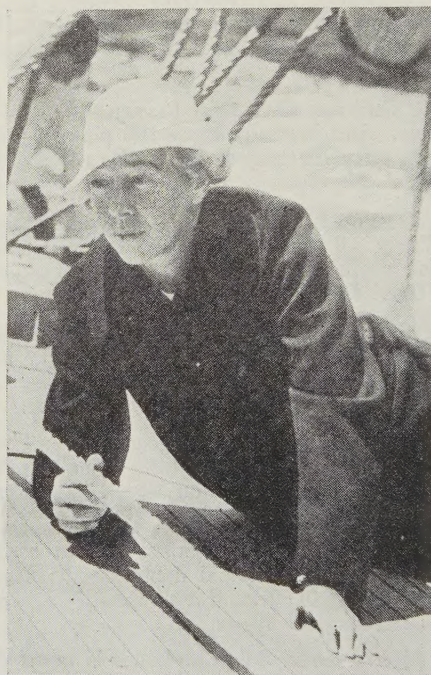
Wide World

Jacqueline Paulk . . . an ancient Japanese custom

Completing 5,000 miles from British Columbia accompanied by eleven huskies, Mr. and Mrs. **Patrick Carroll** arrived in New York City. With a shrill cry of "Moo-osh" and a shriller "gee-ee," they led their dog-team to an animal hospital to rest before going another 2,000. They plan to write the story of their "mushing" tour. En route, two of the dogs, Wolf and T-Bone, had a romance, culminating in five puppies born at Havre de Grace, Maryland.

* * *

Harold S. Vanderbilt will be skipper when his yacht *Ranger* battles the British *Endeavour II* in the America's Cup races off Newport, Rhode Island. But **Mrs. Vanderbilt** can take a hand at the wheel if necessary and she probably will be aboard the *Ranger* during the crucial race.



Wide World

Mrs. Harold S. Vanderbilt . . . at home on the "Ranger"

Before sailing home, Premier **Paul van Zeeland** of Belgium spoke before many bodies of American business men and asked a world-trade spur. "I have had to revise many of my concepts about the United States," he said before ship time, "but the impressions, the advice and the encouragement I shall take back with me to Europe will be of inestimable value in my endeavors to bring to a successful end the mission which has been intrusted to me in connection with the possibility of reducing obstacles in the way of international trade."

* * *

Dr. Phillips Thomas of Pittsburgh, research engineer, believes he has solved the problem of love. He has a new gadget which will replace daisies in the age-old "She loves me—she loves me not" pluck-fest. "In the near future," he said, "we may be able to capture and interpret these radiations of personality and thoughts through electrical impulses. Every thought that flashes through the human mind or even the slightest mental or physical movement has a meaning, so far as its interpretation by electricity is concerned."

* * *

Among the minor European celebrations last week was the centenary of the founding of the **Bernhard Tauchnitz Library**. American and English travelers long have bought millions of copies of the paper-bound books when traveling in Europe. The library contains 5,300 volumes. First book issued was Bulwer Lytton's "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman," and soon after Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" followed in two volumes. Altho not bound by copyright laws—which then were not international—Tauchnitz, the founder, who died in 1895, was scrupulous in paying royalties.

* * *

Catching the censors of bathing-garb unawares, Miss **Betty Fulkerson** paraded on the beach at San Diego in a transparent bathing-suit.

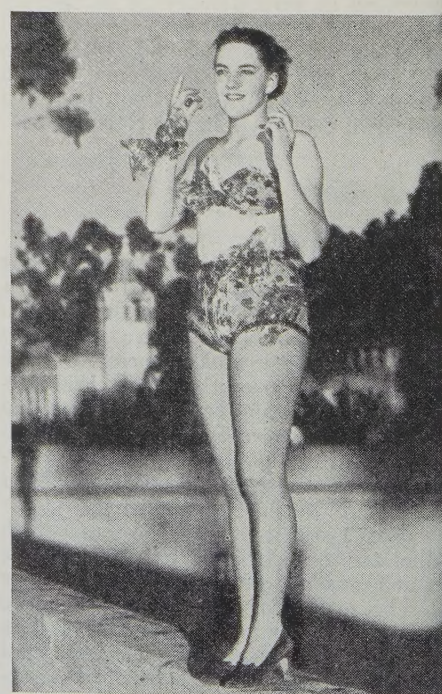
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Having allowed his plays to be per-



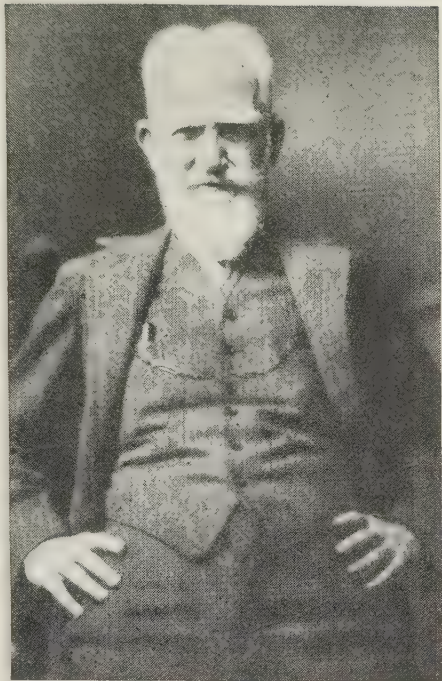
Wide World

Erma Jackson . . . salade a la Puyallup Valley



Pictures, Inc.

Miss Fulkerson's transparent "get-up" got by



© International
G. B. Shaw let loose in a cable

formed by the WPA Federal Theater at a nominal fee, **George Bernard Shaw** let loose in a cable when he heard of cuts in the theater project's personnel. "Of course, the first thing they curtail is American culture. Congress needs drastic lynching. Those who vote for barbarism should perish by it."

There have been countless arguments whether Americans should wear knee-breeches at the Court of St. James's. No such notions perturbed **Noël Coward**, famed British actor-playwright, when he bedecked himself in such curt breeks to attend the King's Levee.

With her seventieth birthday in sight, **Mistinguett**, Parisian entertainer for two-score years, burst into another flurry of activity. She gave six music-hall performances, two voluntary concerts and a broadcast in three days. Of her the novelist Colette has written: "In spite of ferocious caricatures, of scores of jokes at her expense, Paris really only hopes for one thing—an eternity of Mistinguett. She's national property." While on a vacation in New York and Hollywood last winter, the performer startled every one by wearing thousands of dollars worth of jewelry at night-clubs.

The forty-six **Rockettes**, dancers at the one-night invitation performance of the Paris Exposition, were disappointed in the French Capital. The girls thought it "certainly funny" that French hotels refused to provide soap and that they had "to hunt all over the city to find an ice-cream soda."

Said Jean Eckler, twenty-five, of West Palm Beach: "In the Bronx, a girl can at least get a hot-dog."

"I am not very confident of finding my relatives," said ex-Gov. **Alfred E. Smith** of New York during his Irish visit. "It is more than 100 years since my grandparents left Moate, in County Westmeath, and I may find no more than the ruins of my old family home."



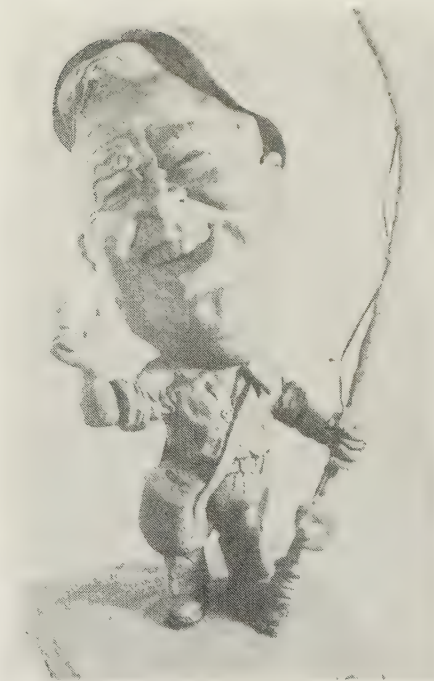
Pictures, Inc.
Noel Coward attended King's Levee



Mrs. Coolidge and classmate at reunion
In 1912 Mrs. **Grace Coolidge**, widow of the late President, was graduated from the Northampton (Mass.) High School. Recently she was the guest of honor at the twenty-fifth reunion of the class.

Victor Alexander John Hope, second **Marquess of Linlithgow** (pron. Linth-go) and Viceroy for India, charged with bringing the new Constitution into effect, takes his White Man's Burden so seriously—contrary to the traditions of Imperial Britain—that he has all official India on its ear. Recently he refused a dinner invitation to the smart Bombay Club with a curt: "I came to India to meet Indians, not Europeans."

President Roosevelt, like other fishermen, likes to brag about his catches. Aware of this, **Jack Sparling**, twenty-two-



Wide World
Sparling carved a fish-story

year-old cartoonist of the New Orleans *Item-Tribune*, sculptured a boasting caricature of the President and presented it at the White House last month.

Viscount Hidelmoro Konoye, one of Japan's leading composers and brother of the Premier, has found that his duties as a Member of the House of Peers conflict with his more serious interests—orchestra conducting. Last week, the Viscount relinquished his post with its annual salary of 3,000 yen (\$860). This summer, he will turn up at the Hollywood Bowl to conduct California musicians in a Japanese version of the Italian Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

Assemblyman **William E. Hornblower**, San Francisco, entered Assembly Bill No. 2345. It was signed by the Governor of California. This is the text:

"It is unlawful to take or kill, or have in possession, any seal or sea-lions except under such regulations as may be prescribed by the State Fish and Game Commission. The Commission is empowered to reduce the seal or sea-lion herds by humane methods whenever such a course is deemed advisable and to sell the animals, the pelts and carcasses, the proceeds from such sales to be paid by the Commission into the State Treasury to the credit of the fish-and-game preservation fund."

One of the more gruesome but enlightening features of the New York World's Fair will be a gigantic model of a **skull**, large enough for exploratory parties to walk through and gain knowledge of their intracranial anatomy. Visitors will be able to walk over the teeth and see just how they are embedded in the jaws. Another exhibit being plotted by the geniuses of the fair is a model of the human eye into which curious citizens may walk and produce pupillary contractions and expansions by yanking on levers.

SWADDLING-BANDS & CANNON-FODDER

Russia's Zooming Baby-Boom Sets Pace in Man-Power Race

Bursting with babies was Moscow—all Russia, in fact—last week.

No statistics were needed to prove it. They were there. They told that the birth-rate—already highest in the world with the exception of Japan's—had doubled in a year. Had there been no figures at all, the most near-sighted stroller of Moscow streets, no matter how seriously preoccupied with the mysterious and multiple deaths at the top among his rulers, must have noticed that one new generation had arrived at the bottom and that more babies, babies by the band-wagon load, were on the way.

From one end of Great Russia to the other poured in reports of deluges, avalanches, tidal waves of babies. The whole Soviet Union from Baltic to Bering Seas was bulging with babies, newly born or about to be.

Reason—Cause of the glut: One year ago this month, the "big family decree" became effective.

Abortions, from 1920 to 1936 legal and more easily obtained than boots, were banned.

Divorces, hitherto encouraged, to be acquired with no more difficulty than postage-stamps, were frowned upon, taxed and penalized.

Babies were subsidized.

Similar bounties for babies in Germany and Italy were comparatively ineffective. No matter how the fascist dictators twisted the figures, they could not conceal the fact that, with all their marriage loans and baby premiums, their birth-rates remained lower than they were before the World War.

To bounties, Hitler and Mussolini had added warnings.

Said Mussolini: "With a declining birth-rate, a nation does not create an empire, but becomes a colony."

Said Hitler: "That country alone has a safe future in which diapers (or swaddling-bands) wave beside the national flag. . . . German woman must be willing to give her life on the bed of childbirth, just as our soldiers do on the battlefield."

Slump—Still, German and Italian birth-rates failed to reach the 1914 level.

So vigorous was Russian fecundity, meanwhile, however, that, even with go-as-you-please divorce and legalized abortion offered under State control as a "social service," the population leaped from 130,900,000 to 176,000,000*—between 1920 and 1937.

In seventeen years, Russia's increase, despite easy divorce and free abortions, passed by four millions the whole population of Italy, three-fourths the whole population of Germany and, at the same rate, was calculated in the Eighth Five-Year Plan to put the Soviet Union above the 300,000,000 mark by 1967.

Man-power, utilizable eighteen or twenty years hence, was the preoccupation in all three dictatorship-led States.

"We have lost since 1921," mourned *Il Duce's* daily *Popolo d'Italia*, "enough babies to comprise fourteen army divisions."

Next week, Mussolini's counter-measures to give Italy 60,000,000 by 1950, begin. He had taxed bachelors. He had given free honeymoon trips to Rome to newlyweds, increased taxes on childless couples, levied \$1,000 fines for the practise of birth control, punished abortion by prison, subsidized families after the birth of the seventh child, . . . still, the birth-rate fell.

*The Russians, like the French, take their censuses in twenty-four hours, have the postman leave a blank for each family one day, collect it, filled out, the next.

To these measures, promissory and punitive, he adds, beginning on July 5, a wage increase to every worker on the birth of any son, marriage loans to newlyweds ranging from \$52.70 to \$158, with 10 per cent. reduction of principal for the first child, 20 per cent. for the second, 30 for the third, 40 for the fourth.

In Moscow, meanwhile, the big baby-push is no unmixed blessing. The maternity hospital building-plan, included in the "big-family" decree, is proving nowhere near ample for the avalanche of births. Clubs, restaurants and factory kitchens have had to be requisitioned to take care of the rush, tho eight new maternity hospitals are under construction in Moscow alone. A girl who recently obtained a bed in one maternity room found that before she was ready to leave, new beds were being installed in the corridors, and still they came.

Women work with men in Moscow's factories and the baby-boom is resulting in serious depletion of the personnel as women depart on maternity leaves.

Idle machines in the factories—idle harvesting machinery on the farms.

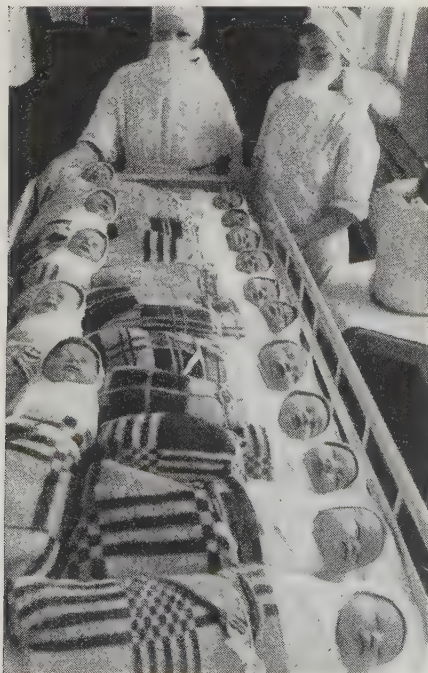
From the wheat and tobacco country in Kuban Province, equal to Indiana in area and population, come reports that "the coincidence of the two crops, agricultural and human, is a serious obstacle to the harvest."

In one collective-farm brigade a third of the women are, just as the wheat is yellowing to ripeness, unable to work in the fields because of advanced pregnancy or new-born children.

The condition is reported as general.

Race—Four million a year was the annual increase during the period of legalized abortions which admittedly prevented millions of births. This year's figures for the whole of the country are not yet available. But if, as seems probable, the birth-rate over all Russia is, like that in the districts thus far reported, doubled at the very least, the increase, not in mere birth-rate which might be compensated by deaths, but, in actual population, will be more than 8,000,000.

Bad second among world Powers in



Sovfoto

Soviet maternity clinics bulge with babies to carry on Reds' purposes



Sovfoto

. . . Russian women leave their agricultural crop to tend a human one on a wagon creche in the fields

breeding cannon-fodder babies is Japan, whose rocky, cramped little islands swarm already with 75,000,000 and whose population is growing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year, with no threats or aids from the Government to spur the rate.

Beaten this year in the race with Russia, Japan last year had the highest birth-rate in the world, when 2,190,000 little slant-eyed babies saw the light in Japan's rice-fields and paper cities, but, in the same year, 1,161,000, died, leaving the actual population growth only slightly over 1,000,000.

Trailing the field among the military Powers comes France, still striving to reach a population of 40,000,000 without counting the foreigners within her borders. In five years, the increase is but 71,045.

SPAIN'S PAINS: Fight to the Death, as When Bull Meets Toreador in Ring

As the Spanish civil war entered its twelfth month last week, the struggle between the Rebels and Loyalists definitely nudged the major European Powers into the shadow of a major conflict.

England, which with France and Russia has been battling the Nazi-Fascist bloc for a neutral patrol system, found it hard to confine the conflict within strictly Spanish territory.

Vacillating, unwilling to embark on a bold policy, the Government of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain threatened to recognize Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco's claim as a belligerent. Both Italy and Germany, having withdrawn from the patrol accord, balked at the Franco-British offer to patrol the Spanish coast.

History—England's alleged willingness to grant General Franco belligerent rights, however, was meant to allay Fascist feeling. For this traditional custom merely means that a Power recognizes a struggle is proceeding between two parties and in no way implies recognition of the Insurgents.*

But Italy and Germany openly threatened direct reprisals against Loyalist "attacks" on their fleets in Spanish waters, allegedly stationed there to protect their "interests." At the same time ignoring Britain's diplomatically conveyed regrets, Portugal suspended the work of neutral observers on her borders, which always have served as Franco's highway for war provisions.

Still threatening world peace, the war itself found the Rebels slowly but surely blasting their way toward Santander, due west of Bilbao. Basques, however, continued to muster their forces and to harass their invaders, despite the sad outlook. Hurriedly, the Valencia Government gathered Basque leaders in an effort to send reinforcements and food supplies to the overpopulated Basque city.

Fight—On the Madrid and Southern fronts, fighting continued intermittently, while the Loyalists took strict precautions against Rebel threats to attack Catalonia with the object of splitting it from Valencia.

But Valencia remained confident of ul-

timate victory, provided, its Foreign Minister Jose Giral Pereira said, the Germans and Italians desisted from helping the Rebels.

"Germany has no vital interests in the Mediterranean," he told Herbert L. Matthews of the New York Times, "yet she is being permitted to dominate our coast, whereas Britain and France, who have genuinely vital interests here, permit her to do so. That is something we Spaniards can not understand."

Equally sanguine is the Valencia Correspondent of *The New Republic*, Louis Fischer, who asserts that the "fall of Bilbao has been skilfully used by the Negrin Government to stimulate enthusiasm at the front and in the rear."

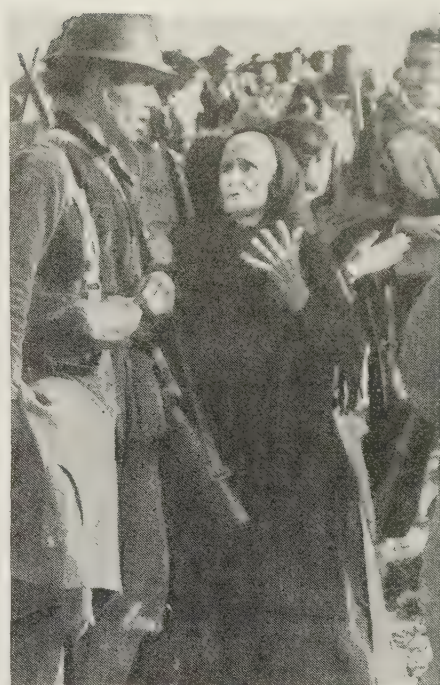
Mr. Fischer estimates that the Loyalist Army now numbers 520,000 strong, "excluding several brigades in training-camps."

"The Loyalist importation of arms has been undiminished in recent months," he cabled. "In addition, new and old Spanish plants are yielding a broader flow of modern weapons and it is confidently expected that the Loyalists, who already are assembling air-plane parts and manufacturing excellent air-plane motors, shortly will be turning out one home-made plane daily."

News—Mr. Fischer finds that the recent non-intervention crisis is due to the fact that Germany, groaning at the heavy expense of carrying General Franco, was greatly encouraged by his capture of Bilbao. Trusting that General Franco had shattered Loyalist morale and soon would sweep another decisive victory, it urged him to hasten his campaign.

By dealing the Loyalists a crushing blow, according to Mr. Fischer, Germany would be able to "close a burdensome debit ledger and open a credit account for her Spanish adventure by blocking the Government's importation of arms. This could be done by smashing the Loyalist Fleet, which convoys merchant vessels when necessary. The Reich Fleet therefore sought a naval encounter.

"As far as one could judge from this



Wide World

Gestures of helplessness as Spanish women, young and old, bid farewell to their men

angle of vision, England and France prevented such a catastrophic development by their sudden firmness and in Valencia it is supposed and hoped that this unusually strong attitude may ultimately lead to the scrapping of the entire non-intervention scheme and bring about the unhindered sale of munitions to the legitimate Spanish authorities."

NO BUFFERS: Afghans Play Both Ends Against Middle to Escape Fate of Border States

At least twice, the fierce, freedom-loving Afridi warriors of Afghanistan have humiliated Britain's armies on the field of battle.

Afghans love their mountain-barred country dearly, love their unwritten tribal laws and keenly detest the newfangled ideas of civilization.

Lying on its Indian borders, Afghanistan became the hotbed of intrigues for Britain's discontented, alien-hating Indians. Also, the fearless Afghans often raided the tribes of Britain's Northwest Frontier Province, where stands the formidable Khaibar Pass.

Unable to conquer the country, whose people pride themselves on being one of the lost tribes of Judah, England coaxed and compromised through political agents. Wisely, they accepted Afghan friendship, which they never have ceased to nourish.

Friends—Last week, Afghans, the vast majority of whom are illiterate mountaineers, heard scraps of reports on their country's progress, dished out to them warily through a government almanac. Compiled under the auspices of the Literary Society of Kabul, the Capital, the new *Salnameh-i Kabul* (Kabul Annual) explained the functions of the various ministries and proudly dilated on their "amicable relations with many foreign countries."

Discreetly, the 500-page illustrated book told how an American concern had won



Wide World

Driven from home by bombardment, Spanish mother and children seek refuge in a cave

*England granted the South belligerent rights during the War between the States, but never recognized the Confederate States of America.

oil concessions by an agreement that would allow plenty of United States dollars to flow into the country. To appease Afghans' immemorial suspicion of foreigners and invasion, the accord stipulates that none but Americans shall exploit the vast oil resources.

Afghans breathed easy, trusting that both their Russian and British neighbors, who consider their land a "zone of influence," are precluded from invading its unexploited resources and conquering it.

Three years ago, their aged King, Nadir Khan, fell at an assassin's hand, a victim of his progressive ideas. His son, Mohammed Zahir Shah, inherited the Throne.

To continue the modernization policy of his sire, the present Shah wisely bows to the mature counsel of his uncle and Prime Minister, Sirdar Mohammed Hashim Khan. This shrewd and worldly-wise adviser deftly sidetracks the dour opposition of the fanatical mollahs, who for centuries have ruled Afghanistan by declaiming zealously against infidel progress and civilization. Besides acting under authority of the Shah, the Premier uses the Grand Assembly (*Loë Jirgeh*), which meets every fourth year, as a smoke-screen for his bold "pinkish" social reforms.

Buffer—Strategically, Afghanistan's independence or friendship is vital to Britain because it is a buffer State against possible Russian aggression from the west through Iran (Persia) and from the north through the Soviet Republics of Turkmen, Uzbek and Tajik. Northeastward, too, the Chinese Province of Sin-Kiang, which separates India from Russia through the tongue-like border of Wakkan, adjoins the country. On the south, however, Britain is protected down to the shore of the Arabian Sea by its garrisons and fortifications in Baluchistan, which it fully controls.

Ever since the first Afghan war, especially in 1842, when 16,000 British troops were brutally slaughtered by Pathan tribesmen, England has found Afghanistan difficult to handle and was forced to wage another and almost equally disastrous Afghan war about forty years later.

Only the brilliant maneuvers of Earl

Roberts of Kandahar saved British prestige from utter defeat, checked Pathan raids and enabled the reestablishment of a British diplomatic mission. To save their face, however, they signed a treaty of friendship at the price of annual subsidies ranging from \$400,000 to \$600,000.

Foes—The rivalry over Afghanistan continued unabated into this century, even after the downfall of Czarist Russia. The Soviet authorities thought they could use Afghanistan as a hotbed for Communist propaganda calculated to seep into India through the N.W.P., but the mollahs continued their protest at foreign penetration and stubbornly opposed their rulers' policy of gradually letting down the bars to French, German and Italian military and educational experts.

Solidly backing the mollahs are 11,000,000 copper-complexioned, hardy mountaineers, who mostly profess the Sunni faith of Islam and prefer to live their tribal life in national isolation unmolested by modern progress.

Haughty, quick-tempered, always ready to take the law into their hands in avenging injustice, Afghans even resent having to pay taxes and regard innovation as the work of the devil. Even tho they express pride at their legendary Jewish origin, they segregate their small Jewish minority and force them to wear black caps. Ethnologists, however, classify Afghans as an admixture of Indo-Iranian and Mongolian elements, like their Persian and Hindu neighbors.

Allah—Seven years ago they forced their liberal-minded Amir, Amanullah, to abdicate when he tried to open up the country to civilization by training the army with the help of Turkish officers and educating the people, who are predominantly illiterate, through methods devised by French experts. Roused by the bigoted mollahs, the people flocked about the son of a water-carrier (*Bacha-i Saaqao*), a fanatical ambitious bandit called Habibullah (the beloved of Allah), who paraded by roofed-over bazaars of Kabul at the head of Kohistan hoodlums and fiery Pathans and cursed the King's newfangled ideas and

howled the slogan of rebellion: "*Din! Din! Fateh Mohammed! (Faith! Faith! Mohammed is the Conqueror!)*"

He unfurled the green standards of the Prophet of Islam and summoned the bigots to loot the deserted bazaars. Then, he proclaimed himself Shah and smote awe into the hearts of his foes by boiling their leaders in huge caldrons of sizzling castor-oil.

But Afghans' sense of injustice gained mastery over their fanaticism and they soon seized the usurpers, whom they tied with a rope to an automobile and dragged over the narrow, unpaved streets of Kabul. Likewise roused was Nadir Khan, blood-kin of the exiled Amanullah. Tho an invalid, he hastened to Kabul from his quiet French retreat, fought Habibullah and his henchmen and finally agreed to become Shah and salvage the jerry-built reforms of Amanullah.

Slain—But the fanatics had their way and he was assassinated in 1933. His son, however, fearlessly and under the guidance of his tactful Premier, carries on the reforms. Two years ago, Commendatore Manciola, an Italian, was made financial adviser to the Government, while Engineer Gaetano Aloisi was put in charge of irrigation work near Kabul. Majors Cafiero and Aristide Bosnardi were hired to train the artillery school, while Czechoslovak experts were brought to establish a sugar-mill. Already linked with India by telephone and telegraph lines, Kabul soon will have its radio stations.

Of late Afghanistan, tho still friendly with Britain, has been drawing nearer to Russia. Already cemented with it by a ten-year non-aggression treaty, the Afghan Bank recently concluded an agreement with Moscow whereby Soviet manufactures will be exchanged for Afghan raw materials.

BLOCKING BLOC: Two Leagues of Balkan States That Bar Eastward Surge of Empires

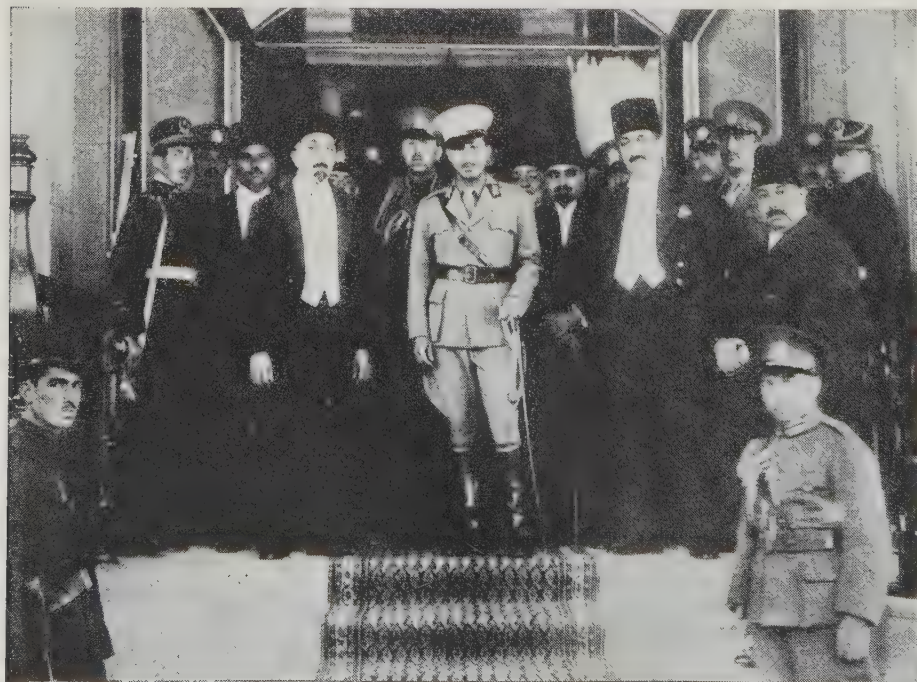
Like two interlocked horseshoes placed on the map of central-southeastern Europe, the Balkan and the Little Entente bar the path of Empire to the Near East.

For more than a year, both Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler have been trying to unlock this combination; Hitler through seductive commercial deals, Mussolini through Machiavellian political moves.

Germany's motives are expansion, implicit in the Führer's Nuremberg Nazi Congress speeches and in "*Mein Kampf*," his relentless credo. *Il Duce's* motives in conjunction with Reich policy are expediently obscure. The enigma is in what kind of compensation Mussolini will get from land-hungry Germany.

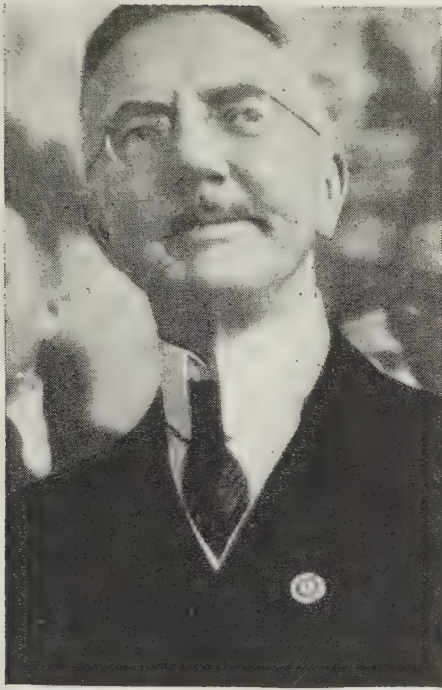
Blocs—The two overlapping confederations are: Balkan Entente of February 9, 1934, which includes Turkey, Rumania, Greece and Yugoslavia, and the Little Entente, formed in 1920-'21 out of fear of a Hapsburg restoration by Rumania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. To change a meeting of the Little Entente to one of the Balkan Entente, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister steps out and the Foreign Ministers of Turkey and Greece step in.

Bulgaria is the weak point in the Balkan



Wide World

Mohammed Zahir Shah (center) continues the modernization policy of his sire



Plx

Doctor Schacht suppressed a laugh deep down in his stiff collar as he left the Balkans

He paid in farm machinery, war supplies and manufactured articles. He obtained grains, hogs, cattle for Germany. He salted down a 25,000,000-mark Hungarian credit the same way. In Bulgaria, he "adjusted" a 630,000,000 leva credit in the Reich. In Greece, Doctor Schacht discussed an attractive way of paying off a \$13,000,000 frozen credit without paying it; that is, by offering war materials and coyly showing some nice war-ship models. Greek raisins, olive-oil and tobacco started flowing into Germany.

Follow-Up—Political deals soon would follow up the commercial deals, Doctor Schacht told Balkan financiers as he whizzed off, suppressing a laugh deep down in his extra-high pre-War stiff collar. For a year now, the Balkans have been littered up with useless German machinery and, to the horror of France, German war materials.

"SPECK" TO LEFT: Brows Raised in Australia as Tasmanian Labor Polls Landslide

During the first half of the nineteenth century, Tasmania was one of the most formidable of penal colonies, with thousands of men incarcerated under unbelievable conditions in the miserable prisons of Hobart. Known as one of the forsaken lands of the earth in the past, Tasmania, to-day, is one of the most progressive and law-abiding States of the Australian Commonwealth.

Boasting only one prison and a tiny police force of 283 men, Tasmania has almost no crime problem. Of its 31,209 law-abiding citizens, only 104 recalcitrants were committed to prison in 1936.

This little heart-shaped island off the southeastern coast of Australia definitely has left its grim and ugly past to become one of the most beautiful and enterprising spots in the world.

It derives its name from the Dutch navigator, Abel Jans Tasman, who discov-



Amc

Lyons, who helped affairs of tiny Tasmania to crackle



Wide World

Victorious Albert Ogilvie is solidifying Labor control of Tasmania

Entente; it does not belong. The one malcontent in the Balkans, it suffers the results of the Serbo-Bulgarian 1912-'13 war settlement and its settlement in the World War (Treaty of Neuilly) for being a German ally. Having lost Macedonia to Yugoslavia, it is yawping for an outlet on the Aegean.

The other obstacle to the Near East, over which Hitler and Mussolini must cool their rage, is the Franco-British-Russian sponsorship of the two Ententes. All these nations, except Greece, profited territorially by peace treaties. They are intent on keeping the status quo in Europe, which pleases Paris, London and Moscow.

The Balkan pact provides that "Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Turkey guarantee mutually the security of their Balkan frontiers." They also agree "to take no political action toward any other Balkan country non-signatory of the present treaty without previous mutual agreement and to assume no political obligation toward any other Balkan country without the assent of the other contracting parties."

Facts—If all treaties were observed rigorously, such an agreement probably would end troubles in the Balkan Peninsula and the 50,000,000 population of the Balkan Entente could develop through their present network of commercial treaties as they never have been able to do since the days of antiquity.

To-day, the Balkans, together with the other friendly States on the fringe, Czechoslovakia and Poland, are being pulled two ways at once; one toward Franco-British security and democracy, the other toward German trade promises and security through dictatorships and fascism.

The intensive German plan required the talents of Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, Minister of National Economy, frequently vexed with Nazi economists, but too good a German to quit.

In Belgrade, last year, he arranged to write off a \$15,000,000 frozen Yugoslav credit, not with money, but with German goods.

ered the island in 1642, tho he loyally attempted to call it Van Diemen's Land after his patron. Some 100 years later, it was visited by Captain Cook, who found a tribe of black-skinned, woolly-haired aborigines, enchanting scenery and great droves of gaily-colored birds.

Lost—Federated with the other Australian States since 1901, Tasmania has commanded little attention among its sister Governments. Twenty years ago, an election in Tasmania, regardless of the results, would not have lifted an eyebrow on the mainland.

Last February, Australian ears listened intently for the sound of political fire-crackers popping in the "Speck," their affectionate nickname for the smallest State in the Commonwealth.

The Islanders were holding their regular election, trooping to the polls, marking ballots, expressing their preference for the first time in three years between Labor and Nationalist Parties, perennial opponents in Tasmania, as well as in the rest of the Commonwealth.

In recent years, with the sky-rocketing into prominence of Joseph A. ("Honest Joe") Lyons, Labor leader, now Prime Minister of Australia, who is Tasmanian born, reared and educated, the affairs of the tiny island have crackled more furiously and have reverberated with more consistent regularity upon the mainland.

Mr. Lyons, tho tangled in the exacting business of keeping the Federal Government cruising as smoothly as possible, never fails to take time out once in a while to give his home bailiwick a boost and always assists in every way he can the workings of Tasmanian Government. For it is a Labor Government, headed by colorful, country-squirelike Albert G. Ogilvie, friend and compatriot of the political wars in which Tasmania's Labor Party secured and held the "Speck's" legislative and executive machinery from 1923 to 1928, five years during which Lyons was the State's Premier.

Follower—To-day, Ogilvie threatens to follow in the Lyons footsteps, adding some political high jinks of his own and improv-

ing upon his former chief's methods in obtaining governmental control and keeping and solidifying it.

This year, when the first returns began rolling in, it soon became evident that Ogilvie would increase his margin of control by at least five or six votes, giving him a thoroughly unshakable political foundation, commensurate with the most halcyon days of Lyons's ministry.

Rise—When Lyons pursued his ascending star into Federal affairs in 1928, accepting several Cabinet posts in rapid succession till he wangled the Premiership in 1931, he left behind him a floundering State Government.

Tasmanian labor under Ogilvie's leadership lost out in the shuffle, bowed to the inevitable and accepted the bitter gall of a coalition with Nationalists, which lasted until 1934. Even as late as 1931, in the Assembly election, Labor was licked for every House of Representatives seat.

Nevertheless, Ogilvie, born of a Scottish father and an Irish mother, combined the qualities necessary to weather the ups and downs of hurly-burly politics. A graduate of the University of Tasmania, a successful lawyer with an extensive practice, particularly in criminal jurisdiction, he had entered Parliament in 1929 as a Laborite and its youngest member. Under Lyons, he was the stormy petrel of every Cabinet from 1923 to '28.

Carefully building his political bridges, Ogilvie caught the imagination of the personality-loving Tasmanians in 1934. In the campaign which saw Labor return again to the cockpit of control, Lyons made a hasty trip back to his island home, leaving Federal duties dangling, in order to help his former confederate and local party.

Ogilvie promised "annual increments to civil servants; restoration of half their pay-reductions; a round-the-State road; full work for the unemployed at proper rates; relief for soldier settlers; establishment of a bureau of commerce, as in Queensland; a State Arbitration Court; and abolition of high-school fees."

Blasting away with his heaviest artillery, into the very teeth of Lyons himself, the energetic Scotch-Irishman advocated complete secession from the Federation unless the National Government came through with the appropriations necessary to carry out his plans.

KING'S NAVEE: Britain's Singapore Naval Base Becomes Far East Spear-Head

Beginning with a deep rumble of buried gears, a rumble at once drowned by the roar of gushing waters, the great graving-dock at Britain's Singapore naval base received its final test last week.

Engineers tossed their hats in the air. Singapore, "supreme outpost of the white race in the Far East," was complete to the last valve. Britain's naval spear-head was, for the first time, 6,000 miles east of Malta.

"Without the presence of a British fleet at Singapore, Australia and New Zealand, even India immediately would fall into our hands," wrote a chauvinist Japanese naval captain, Tota Ishimaru, recently, in "Japan Must Fight England."

Fifteen years late, according to most naval men, is the completion of the great secret system of fortifications. Planned for construction immediately after the World War, it was halted by the 1922

Washington Naval Limitation Treaty. Denunciation last year by Japan of the 1922 restrictions left the way open again for unrestricted armoring.

Whisper—Whispered among the initiate was a story of a document in Government archives in which Japan had offered to put a million yellow men on the Western front in the Great War if Britain would cede Singapore to Japan, an offer politely made—as politely declined.

Into the swampy marsh-land on the north side of the island, Britain has poured \$37,500,000, seventy-five cents for every inhabitant of the United Kingdom.

Leveled off were hillocks aggregating 6,000,000 cubic yards. Filled in were 8,000,000 cubic yards of marsh. Towed 6,800 miles from England by Dutch tugs was a huge \$3,500,000 floating dock, the towing of the 55,000-ton structure costing an extra million, its passage through Suez, \$50,000 in tolls.

Hollowed out at bomb-proof depths, and lined with concrete, were underground reservoirs to hold 1,125,000 tons of gasoline and oil, enough to last planes and ships for half a year.

Power—Between the city and the fleet-base, the most powerful radio station in the East thrust its masts into the sky.

Immense dredges gouged and grunted in the gluey mud of the Johore Straits until they had cleared a passage east and west from the base, deep and wide enough for the greatest ships of any fleet.

And Dock IX, masterpiece of the base, a great graving-cradle containing 68,000,000 gallons of water when full, big enough to hold a war-ship of 50,000 tons (larger than any likely to be built for many years), was dug, opening into the channel.

It was this dock, last important works of the base, which was scheduled for July, 1937, and finished on time.

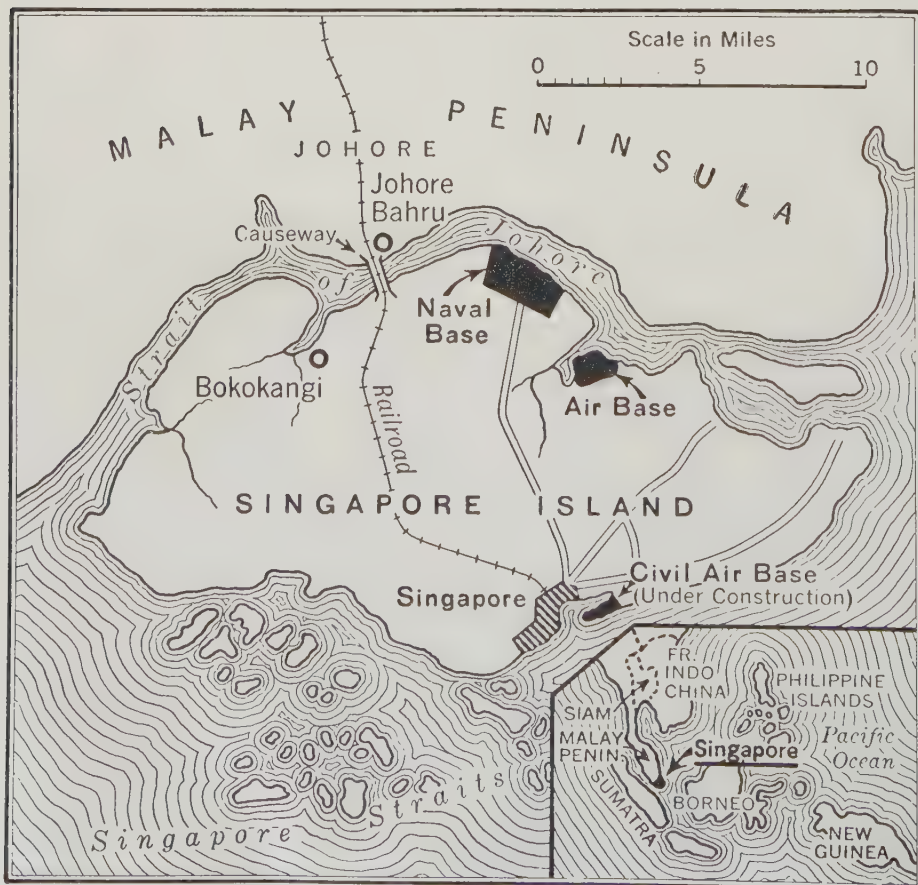
Now the great *Rodney* and *Nelson*, most powerful battle-ships afloat, the battle-ships *King George* and *Prince of Wales*, to be commissioned this year, and the four or five more powerful battle-ships to be completed early in 1940, may risk accident or injury in Asiatic waters with no fear of having to limp 6,000 miles or more back to Malta for repairs.

Nerve Center—Here will be the nerve and muscle center of a new Pacific Fleet to consist of ships sent out from Britain, of the six cruisers, fifteen submarines and the destroyer flotilla on the China Station, of the five cruisers in the navies of Australia and New Zealand and, in case of united British and American action against any Oriental Power, the United States Fleet, otherwise based on Pearl Harbor, Hawaiian Islands, 6,100 miles away.

Thirty years ago, Port Arthur, in Russia's hands, was regarded as the great white outpost in the Far East. Singapore then was only a trading-port, leased, since 1824, from the Sultan of Johore. Since 1904, Port Arthur has been Japan's stepping-stone to the mainland.

Now, the Singapore base, capacious enough for any fleet, the air-base nearby packed with battle and bombing planes, the hills and islands crammed with anti-aircraft and long-range guns (the latter the largest in the world) is the white outpost.

As it is finished, naval architects and engineers talk of another to be begun, a \$70,000,000 base at Cape Town, half the cost to be raised by the South African Union, half by the United Kingdom.



Literary Digest Map

Singapore, the supreme rampart of the white race in the Far East

SCIENCE OPENS ITS DOORS TO WOMEN

But Pay Still Lags Behind That of Males; Doctors in the Van

Within this decade, science has pretty well taken down the fences which barred women from its sacred fields, but it has evinced no corresponding liberality in unlimbering its pocketbook.

There are more women actively engaged in scientific fields to-day than at any time in history, but no scientist among all the 6,000 women graduates of land-grant colleges is receiving as much as \$3,000 a year. Median earnings for feminine science graduates are: Chemists, \$1,600; laboratory technicians, \$1,629; bacteriologists, \$1,833.

Women physicians, surgeons and osteopaths, however, do better, ranking as the most highly paid among business and professional women in New York City. Five women doctors reported median earnings of \$6,000.

Medicine is one of the few scientific fields in which a numerical predominance of women seems unlikely. Only 4.3 per cent. of American medical students are women; of this group, few plan for general practise, most tend to specialize in gynecology and obstetrics, but, since 1890, the number of women physicians, surgeons and osteopaths has increased five-fold, jumping from 4,557 to 20,875.

Laboratories — Major factor in giving women a foothold in scientific fields is the vast and growing importance of the laboratory to industry.

Twenty years ago, an industrial laboratory as an adjunct to a business was a luxury, a rarity, a curiosity. To-day, there are few large industries which do not depend on their subsidized laboratories for new ideas, scientific tests and improvements in processing.

Four-fifths of industry's laboratory technicians are women.

Factors favoring their employment are patience, accuracy, attention to detail,

deft manipulation and willingness to accept lower pay than men.

Leading women's colleges have recognized this expanding field of activity by increasing their science courses. The largest women's college in the world, Hunter College, found, to its considerable surprise, that biology was the most popular subject among its freshmen. This decade, Radcliffe has been forced to double the size of its science department.

The number of science topics chosen as theses for Ph.D.'s at Radcliffe has doubled. At Vassar, Smith and Wellesley, the science students are as numerous as the strictly male laboratory workers at Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

Spurt—The effects of women in the field of science are only beginning to be felt statistically.

The 1930 census showed 7,700 female technicians and laboratory assistants and 8,288 men, but these statistics admittedly are very badly out of joint. The 1940 census will reveal a startling spurt of women in this field, carrying them far ahead of their male competitors, at least numerically.

Most famous woman scientist, by general agreement, was Mme. Marie Curie, discoverer of radium. Her immortal work was done around the turn of the century, at a time when the very notion of a woman scientist was so unheard of that when it was arranged for Madame Curie to carry on her dead husband's lectures at the Sorbonne, the most eminent French

savants were horrified. It simply wasn't done, but Madame Curie did it, blazing such a pioneering trail that succeeding women scientists well may revere her as a demigoddess.

Two women are outstanding in the attack on cancer: Drs. Maud Slye and Grace Medes.

Doctor Slye, starting work twenty-six years ago with one pair of mice and very little money, concentrated on the relation of cancer to heredity. Her original two mice increased with the years to 25,000, of which all but a few hundred gave up their lives to research as Doctor Slye carried her cancer-inheritability studies to a point far beyond the original Mendelian theory of heredity. Her financial backer is the Sprague Memorial Institute of the University of Chicago.

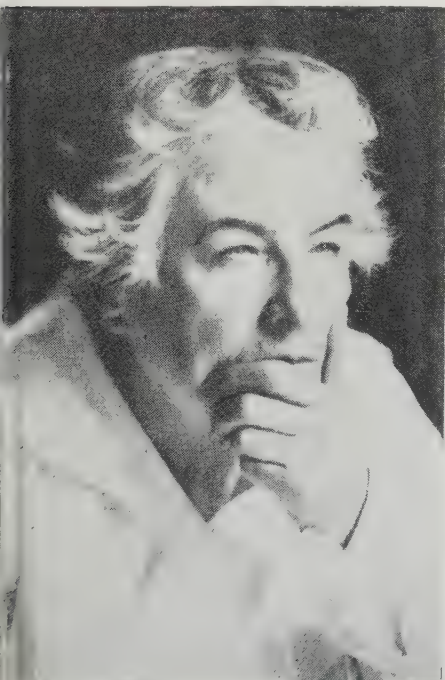
Tiffs—During her researches, Doctor Slye has had more than a few tiffs with medicos who have disagreed with her on the inheritability of cancer, but she holds gold medals of the American Medical Association and the North American Radiological Society and she has an extensive background of scientific training: Brown University, the University of Chicago, pathological studies at Chicago and an interval of psychology and pedagogy teaching at Rhode Island State Normal School.

Altho she can induce cancer in mice at will, it is extremely improbable that Doctor Slye's results ever will be announced as a cure for the disease.

Her interest has been in determining the cause of cancer. She is confident that, given a period sufficiently long, experiments she has performed on mice could be repeated on human beings, with the same results.

A fellow worker in the field of cancer is Dr. Grace Medes of the Philadelphia Lankenau Hospital Research Institute. Realizing that, no matter how far laboratories may go in their experiments with animals, they never can use human beings, she daringly seized upon the only available human guinea-pig: herself.

Self-Dosage—Her experiments, which are pretty strenuous, she has been conducting for two years. They involve self-dosage



International
Doctor Slye's shrewd, careful study of cancer



... Madame Curie's radium discovery in the field of medicine



... Doctor Sabin's blood-research, attest to value of women in science

with various sulfur compounds in an effort to determine which, if any, may be conducive to cancer. Testing a new compound, Doctor Medes first clears her system of previous compounds by confining herself to a boiled rice and corn-sirup diet for four days. On the fifth day she takes half a teaspoonful of a new sulfur mixture.

For the succeeding thirty-six hours she subjects herself to various laboratory tests. Some sulfur compounds aid and others hinder growth of body-cells. Cancer is the uncontrolled growth of cells. Doctor Medes hopes to learn which compounds act as growth-deterrents and hopes, meanwhile, that she will not contract the disease herself.

With a string of scientific "firsts" which many a mere male might envy, Dr. Florence Rena Sabin of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research is outstanding among women scientists. She was the first woman to become a full member of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute; first woman elected to the National Academy of Sciences; first woman to serve as President of the American Association of Anatomists.

Blood—Her scientific contributions include studies of the brain and the development of red and white corpuscles, studies of the lymphatics, research on the functions of monocytes in the blood-stream. Her department at Rockefeller Institute is devoted to the study of blood and blood-diseases, with special attention to the action of bacilli in tuberculosis.

Yet another brilliant woman in private research is Dr. Florence Seibert at the University of Pennsylvania. She first discovered a means of obtaining the protein from the tubercle bacillus in pure crystal form, thus evolving a superior material for use in testing tuberculosis both in human beings and in cattle.

Public science also extends a warm welcome to women. The National Bureau of Standards in Washington is especially popular with women who are at home in a rubber apron and accustomed to getting their manicures in a finger-bowl of acid. An impressive number of important public health discoveries are chalked up to the credit of women.

The bacillus of undulant fever, which causes abortion in cows, was isolated by Dr. Alice Evans of the United States Public Health Service. A coworker, Dr. Sara E. Branham, supervises all antibacterial serum made in the United States. She tests serums by trying them out on rabbits, mice or in test-tube reactions. Not until they are approved by her do they go out for distribution to millions of people to whom they may mean the difference between life and death.

Diphtheria antitoxin used throughout the world was developed by Dr. Anna Williams, recently retired Assistant Director of the Laboratory of the New York Health Department. She also developed improved and faster methods of determining the presence of rabies and trachoma.

Government's recognition of women's research in cancer came when Dr. Mary E. Maver was appointed to make special studies of the disease.

Dr. Alice Hamilton, expert on industrial poisons, has the unique distinction of being a teacher at the Harvard Medical School, which is still closed to women as students.



Dr. Charles Greeley Abbott puts the sun's energy to work in his solar boiler

WITH MIRRORS: Putting Sun's Energy to Work in the Kitchen With Solar Boiler

For years Dr. Charles G. Abbott, head of the Smithsonian Institution, has been the country's No. 1 tinkerer with solar power. Little by little he has developed his machine for putting the sun's energy to work.

In 1934, he erected a solar cooker on top of Mt. Wilson, near Pasadena, and stored enough of the sun's heat to run his kitchen. Last week, workmen were busy putting the finishing touches on the installation of Doctor Abbott's new solar boiler at the Great Lakes Exposition, Cleveland.

Most tricks with solar power are done with mirrors. In the Cleveland boiler, a rectangular mirror focuses the sun's rays on a tube which contains the elements of a miniature-flash steam-boiler. Water is automatically fed through small tubes, boiling under the concentration of sunshine like that of 100 burning-glasses and yielding steam at desired pressures. Result: power derived solely from the energy of the sun's rays.

Power—Most unusual feature of the Abbott machine is its ability to deliver two horse-power, representing about 15 per cent. of the energy of the sun's rays which it collects. The inventor calculates that if his solar boilers were arranged in rows forty feet apart, 35,000 of them could be laid out in the space of a square mile, delivering 70,000 horse-power ten hours a day—unless it rains.

Clockwork mechanism would keep the solar-power machines constantly focused on the sun, just as telescopes are focused on stars for long photographic exposures.

Non-cooperation from the weather is one of the principal hazards to successful sun-harnessing. A factory contracting for an acre of sunshine, or 70,000 horse-power, would have to send its employees scampering home whenever there was thunder in the east.

A thick nimbus curtain of clouds would shut off solar power as snappily as the turn

of a switch. To some extent the ingenious Doctor Abbott has solved this perplexing problem.

\$800—In his Mt. Wilson solar cooker, the sun's rays are brought to focus on a long black pipe filled with oil. As the oil is heated, it rises and is stored in an insulated tank, retaining enough heat to do a competent cooking job for thirty-six hours. The unit cost \$800 to build.

Installations of solar boilers soon will be practical, Doctor Abbott believes, in isolated localities where fuel and water are expensive and where sunny days predominate. In the more distant future, when present stores of imprisoned sunshine (i.e., coal and oil) have been exhausted, solar power may become the prime mover for turning the wheels of industry.

Another scientifically sound method of converting the energy of light directly into electricity has been suggested by Prof. Colin Fink. By his suggested method, sunlight would activate a photoelectric cell of special design to produce electricity.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Mushroom—Mushrooms spring up overnight. So has the industry of purveying them, since it dates only from the 'nineties in the United States, according to the Industrial Bulletin of Arthur D. Little, Inc. Two-thirds of the nation's mushrooms are produced in an area near Philadelphia. Some 500 establishments produce 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds of mushrooms annually, netting wholesale prices of thirty cents to \$1 a pound, depending on weather and season.

* * *

Sun Bakery—Old Sol supplies all the heat for barbecuing meat in the California sandwich emporium of H. E. McCoy. His solar stove is built of twenty yard-long mirrors, four inches wide, arranged one above the other to focus the sun's heat into a yard-square oven. The angle of the mirrors regulates the degree of heat, which steams up to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit when it really gets going.

PLUSH & ROSES FOR SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Tiny Actress and Towering Scot Star in "Wee Willie Winkie"

Red carpets went down in Hollywood last week, baskets of dahlias were set out to make an aisle, search-lights were engaged to light the skies and bleachers were erected to comfort the gogglers. The occasion was the world premiere of Shirley Temple's new motion-picture, "Wee Willie Winkie."

By early afternoon, housewives with tin-box lunches, schoolgirls ready to sacrifice their suppers and unemployed men with no time-clocks to badger them began to fill the bleachers surrounding the entrance to the Cathay Circle Theater.

Back in the hills of Hollywood, stars of Twentieth Century-Fox studios and stars from other studios began to primp in their homes. Chauffeurs licked wet tongues across gummed stickers, slapping them on the wind-shields of expensive motor-cars. The stickers were authority to pass through police-lines drawn around the theater.

Crush—By 8:30 P.M. the bleachers were filled, police had formed a double lane and sleek automobiles had begun to glide up to the entrance of the theater to disgorge glamorous contents. Microphones buttoned to a national hook-up caught hoot, if unoriginal, greetings from the stars to whoever might be listening in. No intoxicated star bleated a tactless indiscretion as has happened before on these lush occasions. Every one behaved well and bleacher-cheers for celebrities were friendly.

Inside the theater, back-stage, lean, new-star Tyrone Power tugged at his white tie, smoothed his tails and prepared to go out there and introduce the Grade-A famous—such as César Romero, Victor McLaglen, June Lang, C. Aubrey Smith and Michael Whalen. They strode from their seats to the stage for a quick bow and received pleasant spatters of applause. Then, Mr. Power took a deep breath, said

handsome things about Miss Temple, beckoned her to the stage and gave her an old-fashioned bouquet of pretty roses. She bowed to the audience.

Her devoirs to fame accomplished, she vanished and went home to bed. The others remained to see a broadly adapted, stirring screened version of the Rudyard Kipling minor classic. Having little more than a fragment to work with, faced with the first blunt necessity of changing a little India hill-station boy into a be-curled, sturdy-legged little girl, Scenarists Ernest Pascal and Julien Josephson turned a full-length exciting film into being.

The Kipling story was painfully short material with which to work, but they enlarged, biased, stitched, patched and twisted it about until they had a warm, generous story.

The picture was directed by John Ford, who, as he always does, took the scenario handed him and added his own work as he went along.

Grip—"Wee Willie Winkie," a courageous attempt to get Miss Temple away from the tot dramas she has been making and to compensate for the fact that she is beginning to grow up, is a brilliant and exceptional motion-picture. It not only will keep Miss Temple in the No. 1 box-office position, but will strengthen her hold on it.

Admittedly, she was beginning to teeter up there because of a succession of sap works. It was always testimony to the child's dramatic power that she was the screen's No. 1 player in spite of the pictures they gave her to do. Now, the story takes equal place with her, the drooling is less evident and the strength is as much in the yarn as in the girl. It is her best picture, by all odds.

Miss Temple shares starring position with Victor McLaglen and they make a sure-fire thing of it. She is a spunky little

American girl brought to the hill-station, where she becomes the partner of the gigantic Highlander sergeant, he a reckless, hard-fighting colossus reduced to dog-like faithfulness and loyalty by the child.

June Lang makes more of her rôle than is customary as the girl's mother and C. Aubrey Smith is ferociously inarticulate and doughty as the old-fashioned flame-eating British colonel. It is César Romero, in the whiskered rôle of a Khyber Pass Pathan chief, who earns himself cheers and puts his feet on the path leading to stardom.

Stars—There is no doubt any more that Darryl F. Zanuck, the man who creates stars out of players rejected by less astute studios, intends to make out of Mr. Romero the nearest catnip to Rudolph Valentino which has shown up since unromantic stomach-ulcers ended that Latin fire-brand's life and career.

Curiously, if Zanuck does certify Mr. Romero as a star, he will be the second Twentieth Century-Fox leader to come from a studio that didn't know what to do with him. Both Messrs. Romero and Power floundered around obscurely together in another studio, were fired by it as valueless and were seized by Zanuck and vaulted into competence and fame.

The film of "Wee Willie Winkie" has been sepia-tinted by a new process and is easy and attractive to see. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer used the same process for "The Good Earth."

The new Temple picture is recommended without hesitation to audiences of all ages and it clinches for a long time to come the Temple eminence. Even adults who could not bear the treacle series in which the child heretofore appeared will succumb to the power of this one. Temple is growing up and so are her screen stories.

SCENE-SETTERS: Cinema's Writers Set the Stage for From \$300 to \$3,500 Weekly

Only scales of incalculable fineness and balance actually could detect which group in Hollywood is most important to motion-pictures.

Directors are comparatively certain that, without them, the cinema could not function. Cameramen won't bother to discuss it. They know they are the real powers, the make-or-break forces which can destroy a star and make a nobody glamorous. Actors—actors are suffused with a profound confidence that motion-pictures would not exist without them. Nor would they.

Neither would they exist without trained, capable, adroit scenarists. Most scenarists are afflicted with mystery blood. They like to look vague and pretend they just work there, but most scenarists are vividly aware of the fact that without them and their careful work talkies would be a shambles.

In the last year, stunning accomplishments by scenarists have convinced even the directors, actors and cool cameramen that typewriter pounders not only have a place in Hollywood, but an extraordinarily important place.

Exhibit—They point to Sheridan Gibney, stocky, fast-working, thirty-one-year-old Amherst alumnus. One day at Warner



"Wee Willie Winkie" gives Shirley Temple a chance to grow up in the movies as well as in life

Brothers, they hopefully chucked a book, 1,224 pages long, at him, asked him to scenarize it. Hervey Allen pondered "Anthony Adverse" for four years and wrote it in two. Gibney turned out a complete, filmable screen-script in four days under four months.

In four months, he had to read the novel three times, making notes as he went, digesting the major theme, discarding unnecessary frills and getting it down in his mind to practical proportions. Then he had to do a "treatment," or skeletonized scenario. After that was approved, he stoked up his typewriter, surrounding himself with a wall of paper, and went to work.

Another excellent example of scenario work was done by Talbot Jennings on "Romeo and Juliet." His departures from the Shakespeare text were few and these were made so skilfully that only scholars would detect the omissions.

Conference—Recently, *The Saturday Evening Post* recorded a story conference among four major Hollywood workmen. Grover Jones, Patterson McNutt, Nunnally Johnson and Gene Fowler met to turn a friend's story into a motion-picture scenario. The fifth person in the room was a stenographer. She took down everything they said, whether it seemed germane or not. The result of her notes not only was an amusing and intimate glimpse into preliminary work methods, but also a candid revelation of how collaborated scenarios are made.

Formal, final dialog, for example, seldom if ever is used at the first story conference.

A "treatment" customarily is written in present tense and with virtually no first-person in it. A touching, heart-rending, ennobling scene in the finished scenario and in, therefore, the completed motion-picture which 80,000,000 Americans will see, may be put down thus: "John tells Mary he is going to New York."

Shots—When the writer comes to that sentence, while writing his scenario, he will write out the complete dialog, break the scene up into a series of close-ups, angle shots, medium shots and fade-outs.

Then, to get John to New York, he will show the station in John's home-town, followed by a flash of train wheels, after which will come a full-screen shot of the towers of New York. There is no point in following John every foot of the way. A scenarist, compressing, might even cut out the station and train wheels, whisking John from Mary's front porch to a taxi in New York.

The major point enjoyed by cinema over theater is its ability to take characters anywhere at any time—and plausibly.

"Never let your players just sit and talk," is the axiom of a high-priced scenarist. "Take your audience away from one setting before they get tired looking at it. Do anything. Move them from Edward's basement to the Taj Mahal, if you want to, but move them. Scenes and players can not stand still."

Short Scenes—An average motion-picture patron would be amazed if he held a watch on even important scenes on the screen. Two minutes is a long time for any scene, fifty seconds being nearer average.

Hollywood has it over the theater in



Pictures, Inc.

Sheridan Gibney, scenarist for "Anthony Adverse"

the matter of diverting audiences with constant scenic change, but it also pays in actor contempt. Established actors in the theater debunk glamorous performances in the films. They know that these short, flashing scenes are photographed one at a time and no cinema actor has to sustain a scene and characterization more than two minutes at a time.

"Who," ask the actors of the theater, used to twenty minutes at a time on stage, "couldn't be good for two minutes?"

Upsetting all these conventions, keeping itself within three settings, studded with long, talky scenes was "The Petrified Forest." It violated all the rules and pleased thousands. It was a success, artistically and financially, but no scenarist would dare copy it or try to do the same thing soon.

Something else a competent scenarist must have—and can not merely guess at—is knowledge of camera. He need not be a technician in photography, but he must have a live sense of what a scene will look like on a screen. He thinks in terms of "picture."

Sample—Typical specimen of an opening scene for a motion-picture was Gibney's for "Anthony Adverse":

1. LONG SHOT. COUNTRY ROAD AT FOOT OF SHORT, STEEP HILL. DAY. Suddenly over the brow of the hill appears the huge, unwieldy coach of a great nobleman. It is drawn by four spirited horses. On the near horse sits a postilion, whip in hand. He is a small man, with an evil, cat-like face. His name is Sancho. He spies something ahead and waves his arms frantically as a signal for the driver to stop, as the coach, traveling at great speed, charges perilously down the grade.

The rewards for these talents are high. A competent, trained scenarist may make as much as \$3,500 a week. He also may make as little as \$300 a week. Neither sum is exactly coffee money

BATHTUB: Lynn Fontanne Does a Strip-Tease for Sake of Greek Mythology

Having dabbled around with modern larks, Shakespeare and the like, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are involved in Greek mythology in their new play, "Amphitryon 38," now trying out in Los Angeles. The American playwright S. N. Behrman ("Second Man," "Biography," "End of Summer") adapted the original play by Jean Giraudoux.

When it was first presented in Paris in 1929, audiences gasped because a real bathtub was on the stage. Footlight favorite Valentine Tessier flicked real water out on to the stage of the Comédie des Champs Elysées. Such strange goings on could well compensate for the long-drawn-out dialogic fits of Author Giraudoux, who works in the Quai d'Orsay and whose plays are based on the theory that ordinary mortals, like diplomats, can talk forever.

From comments in San Francisco and Los Angeles it would appear that audiences care much less for all the mythologic folderol than they do for the star-studded cast including the Lunts and Hope Williams. Next season the play will open in the East for the Theatre Guild. *Variety* says that Lynn Fontanne's "semistrip-tease at the end of the first act has the audience goggle-eyed."

BUTTON, BUTTON: William Powell & Luise Rainer Play Who's Got the Plot?

The piquant team of William Powell and Luise Rainer is loosed in the interests of an antique this time. Their resourceful talents are applied by Metro to the enlivening of "The Emperor's Candlesticks," a savory ancient wound around the reliable formula of button, button, who's got the plot?

As in most M-G-M pictures, production transcends story weakness. The result is a nicely acted, charmingly directed, beautifully clothed mummy.

Mr. Powell is a winning Polish spy; Miss Rainer is a handsome, winning Russian spy. A Polish aristocrat wishes to send one of the Czar's daughters a gift of a pair of old silver candlesticks.

The candlesticks are tricks. If the finial is turned, a little door opens in the bottom, disclosing a space in which important papers may be hidden.

Mr. Powell, who has to go to Russia with a letter to the Czar informing that agitated sovereign that his son has been kidnapped in Poland and will remain kidnapped until a Polish prisoner is released from Russian dungeons, volunteers to take the candlesticks to the Grand Duchess, hiding the letter to the Czar in the base of one.

Miss Rainer, who is taking a dossier on Mr. Powell back to the Russian secret service, also volunteers, hiding the paper in the other candlestick. Mr. Powell and Miss Rainer set out on the same train and the candlesticks are stolen. Thenceforward to the romantic happy ending, any schoolboy could have handled the plot.

The two stars perform amiably. The story still creaks.

BELOW STAIRS: MASTERS' PROBLEMS

Servant Question Is Housewife's Big Difficulty; Cook's Side

Pay-roll records for General Electric's Chicago service-shop for 1893 still bear the words: "G. Swope, helper, per day \$1.00."

To-day the ledger of General Electric's annual \$250,000,000 business reads "Gerard Swope, president, \$96,000."

All his life Swope's expressed ideal has been to see "organized industry in the position that it rightly should assume of serving the public with public confidence and with the joint participation of workmen and management in the solution of vital and far-reaching problems."

One of these problems was unemployment and old-age insurance. Swope directed the General Electric's system until the Social Security Act made it unnecessary and it was discontinued.

But Swope wasn't satisfied. He heard leading authorities in all fields clamoring to no avail for extension of the Act to cover farm laborers and domestic servants. Chances for action by the Congress sweltering in the Washington summer seemed slight.

Plan—If the United States Government could not give his servants the security he thought they deserved, he could. The laconic former dollar-a-day helper and social worker at Jane Addams's Hull House recently reached down into his large pocket, established his own security plan for the numerous servants at "The Croft," his Ossining (N. Y.) estate.

Swope's plan provides for the voluntary contribution of equal amounts by employer and employee toward purchase of United States saving-bonds under the same rate of payment as specified by the Social Security Act. Dollar for dollar, the savings-bonds, with their return or 2.9 per cent. (better than the average savings-bank), will pay larger old-age benefits for employees earning more than \$1,800 a year than does the Social Security Act, which, weighted in favor of the poor, will pay larger pensions to those earning under \$1,800. Death payments will be three times as great for all under Swope's scheme.

Lack of social security for the average household employee is not the only reason why to-day an alarming shortage of servants is facing the country. Long, unregulated hours, low pay, absence of privacy, the social stigma with which the servant

is regarded, the closing of the doors to immigrant labor—all are helping to produce the shortage.

Plaint—Only recently *Anna* wrote to one of New York City's employment agencies:

"I am leaving my job. The place is very pretty . . . a large estate and there are no children, only many dogs. . . . We were given last week-end off, because the Madam and her husband were going away. As they were leaving the house, *Mrs. Y*— said, 'Oh yes, *Anna*, since you won't be busy this week-end you might take the drapes down and shampoo the rugs, and give Prince a bath (Prince is one of her eight great Danes) . . .'"

The next day, *Mrs. Y*— arrives at the agency. Hundreds of *Mrs. Y*—s, trying to find the one out of the million and one-half domestics in the United States who will satisfy her needs. It is a hard job; a far cry from the early days of America when, in the South, one had slaves, and, in the North, the domestic belonged to the same region of the country as the employer, was of the same social group, went to the same church, ate at the same table and was, in every sense of the word, "help."

To-day, there is a shortage; the ruddy-checked Irish girls whose families emigrated during the famine of 1848; the efficient Germans who came in the same year in the wake of the German Revolution; the Chinese, lured here by the establishment of treaty relations between their country and the United States, the discovery of gold, and the consequent development of the railroads; the encouragement of immigration to build up the country in the nineteenth century and the increase in wealth; the great waves of Hungarians, Italians, Swedes, Poles flooding the United States with the building up of the factory system—all these do not salve the wo of to-day's housewife.

Topic—From coast to coast, the servant problem is second in her mind and on her tongue only to her operation and her new spring suit.

In the South, she can get a cook-house-cleaner-laundress rolled into one for \$5 or \$6 a week, sometimes even less, if she is willing to assure *Lulubelle* that she can "tote"—carry off all the kitchen left-overs to her man every night. Usually, *Lulubelle*

will tote whether her mistress accepts it or not and holds out for the higher wage as well. Madam accepts toting, smiles when she sees *Lulubelle* waddling home like a stuffed turkey, recognizes her responsibilities in return for "Gone With the Wind" loyalty. But she complains of darkies' drinking, is annoyed when she smells her favorite perfume in the kitchen, loses her patience from constant nagging that the work be done.

Nor is there any comfort for her Southwesterly neighbor. Here, the housewife expects cheap labor, hard work from the Mexican peons who have crossed the border. But she must reckon with the dreams of fortune and independence that come to peons in the Promised Land and be content with hiring darkies again—lazier, but more tractable—leaving the Mexicans to find their places among manual laborers and push-cart pedlars.

Oriental—Out in sunny California the housewife enjoys the cheery little Japanese, Chinese and Filipinos, spotless in their white jackets, very loyal, willing to work for as little as \$15 a month, tho sometimes going as high as \$35. But she holds her breath at dinner, when loud Chinese cries escape through the kitchen door and the cook prepares to go off to the tong wars.

Moving toward the Midwest, the housewife finds the realm of the modern version of the "hired girl." Most of them are farm-girls, Scandinavians, steeped in the tradition of cleanliness and hard work. They are willing workers, not as insistent upon having "beau" nights as the Negroes in the South, working for \$3 to \$7 a week, doing the laundry, sleeping in, taking care of the children. If there is any section of the country approaching housewives' heaven, this is it.

Coming East again, Paradise is quickly lost. New England girls retain the feeling of being "help," not "servants"; independence must be catered to. In New York City, high wages, small apartments, the depression of 1929, the counter-attraction of relief, the intense industrialization, the feeling bred often in schoolrooms that domestic service is demeaning, have left



"Hired Hands": Manager of WPA Training-School inspects her pupils' hands to insure cleanliness

their marks even more indelibly than throughout the rest of the country.

Here, in miniature, is a cross-section of the melting-pot of America's domestic service—each nationality with its own peculiarities, united by common occupation.

German, Italian, Irish, Hungarian, Scandinavian, Negro would like to be considered a human being, not a fixture of convenience to pick up *Junior's* coat when he returns from school and flings it on the floor. Having a job, sometimes a bed, does not compensate for having to sleep in the kitchen, the attic, baby's room or living-room after every one has decided to go to bed. Nor do long, unregulated hours, wages slashed by the depression, the lack of privacy, especially in large cities, the attitude of most housewives that domestic labor is menial in its nature, help make the field more attractive.

To the newcomer, the larger metropolitan agency smacks somewhat of the old slave-market. Having paid the usual \$10 fee to the management, the employer is free to interview, the employee to try her luck. The employer looks over the day's selection, points her finger, says "That one," and the interview has begun. Madam questions—questions ranging from "Do you cook?" to "Do you bite your finger-nails?" and "Have you any callers?" *Anna* answers as best she can, asks some questions herself.

Inquiries such as these are not allowed at the United States Employment Service, set up in 1923 under the Wagner-Peyser Act to cooperate with the employment services of the States meeting its requirements. To-day, in thirty-six States, the Federal Government matches dollar for dollar from its \$4,550,000 appropriation what the States appropriate for their employment services. The other twelve States, with no services of their own, have National Reemployment Services under the direct supervision of the United States Service, next to the British Reemployment Service the largest of its kind in the world.

Here, rather than personal interviews at the agency, the employer tells the Government's representative what she wants, the job-seeker gives her qualifications. The job of the Service is to dovetail the registry with the request, free of charge, contending that no person should be forced to pay in order to find a job. Last year, the Service had more requests than applicants suitable to fill them.

Teaching—The Government can not remedy lack of man-power, but it can and does strive to make housewives happier through its WPA Household Service Demonstration Projects. Dedicated to the proposition that housewives no longer need struggle with overcooked meats, beds that come apart at the first turnover of the night, misplaced pipes, or no service at all, the WPA spent its \$500,000 allotment last year in training 5,372 girls between eighteen and thirty-five for household service, placed most of them.

This year, it has resumed activities. One hundred and thirty-seven household training-schools are open throughout the country. The students go to school for eight weeks, waste no time on impracticalities. They arrive in the morning at 9 o'clock, quickly settling down to the work of learning the most effective way of scraping dishes, making hospital-corners on beds, washing glasses, silver and china, marketing, budgeting, mending, feeding the baby.

Before they are graduated, they must

The Servant Problem

Principal complaints of employers about their domestics:

1. Age: They want younger help.
2. Appearance: Often slovenly.
3. Inexperience.
4. Disloyalty.
5. Lack of interest in their work.
6. Don't like children and dogs.
7. Personal habits—drinking, smoking, chewing gum.

Principal complaints of domestics about their employers:

1. Low wages.
2. Long hours.
3. No pay for overtime.
4. Poor living conditions.
5. Lack of employer understanding and sympathy.
6. Too many children and dogs.
7. Personal habits—throw their clothes around, too many papers, etc.

be able to clean a bedroom in forty-five minutes, get the bathroom gleaming in sixteen, the living-room in twenty. If, with this, they can get breakfast ready in seven, they are qualified to receive a certificate from the school, be placed. Nor is this a purely feminine undertaking; in Arizona and New York, classes have been opened for men to learn how to care for the garden, be proficient doormen and chauffeurs, expert cooks.

Abroad—But once in the kitchen, the domestic does not necessarily escape the impact of world events, nor does the housewife's worry cease. In America, various associations such as the Salvation Army and the Young Women's Christian Association attempt to make the field of domestic service more attractive. Abroad, nations provide workmen's compensation, old-age and health insurance, to raise the domestic's social standing. In England, France and Germany the race for armaments and political unrest have made their marks. Germany's program of *Kirche, Küche und Kinder* has been accompanied by vast amounts of propaganda. France well remembers 1929, when the servants' union in Paris struck for a twelve-hour day, a seventy-two-hour week and exemption from climbing stepladders, hanging curtains or washing ceilings. English housewives, notoriously bad cooks, have been left to watch their faithful servants marching off to the munitions factories for higher wages and regular hours.

But America has changed since the happy era of Clarence Day's *Father*, who never could understand why women had such trouble getting "help," stormed into the agency himself, said "I'll take that one," picked one, had perfect service for the rest of his life. And made the whole transaction in a minute and a half.

BAD BOYS: Juvenile Delinquency Stiff Problem for Courts; Youthful Crime Increasing

Curly-headed Delbert Jean Flynn stood before the bar in the magistrate's court in Kearney, Nebraska. An illegitimate child, recognized neither by mother nor stepfather, he bore marks of frequent punishment, continuous neglect. For stealing onions, carrots, pencils and similar property he received a sentence of fourteen

years in Nebraska's Industrial School, division of the State prison system.

Delbert, for all his cherubic appearance, became America's youngest prison inmate, escaped into private family adoption only through the efforts of the Child Welfare Association and the financial backing of Evalyn Walsh MacLean of Washington.

Making no mention of onions or carrots, Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York recently told representatives of forty-five welfare and educational organizations: "A T-bone steak and German-fried potatoes are among the best preventives of crime." Good food, clean housing and adequate recreational facilities (see cover), according to the fiery little Mayor, are the weapons for attacking juvenile delinquency at its source.

Rise—Is juvenile delinquency increasing? Best evidence indicates that it is, tho statistics are confused in the fact that various organizations stretch the age-limit from sixteen to twenty-one. The Bureau of the Department of Justice, covering the whole field of youthful crime, reports an increase of 1.5 per cent. for 1936 over 1935. Minors made up 30.5 per cent. of all those convicted on criminal charges.

The age of legal maturity proved the dangerous period. Fifteen thousand two hundred and forty-seven youths of twenty-one—more than in any other age-group—were arrested in the first nine months of 1936. A decrease of 23.3 per cent. was shown, however, for youths between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-five.

Statistics from the Children's Bureau in Washington show a steady march in juvenile delinquency between 1927 and 1933, the last year covered in the Bureau's 1936 report. For 1933, reports from 284 courts (covering 38,000,000 persons making up approximately 30 per cent. of America's population) show 68,039 cases handled. Fifty-nine thousand four hundred and twelve of them were boys, 8,627 were girls.

The total figure for 1932 was 65,600; for 1931, 59,880; for 1930, 53,757. Fewer courts reported during the earlier years.

The trend in New York, where Dr. J. B. Maller of Columbia University has guided the study of a WPA project, is downward. In the three decades between 1903 and 1933, 250,000 delinquents went through the Children's Court. In the first decade there were 87,948, against 66,976 in the last.

The number of girls increased, however, rising from 1,424 to 7,738.

Youth—Regardless of statistical increase or decrease, popular opinion is that youth in general is providing more and more employment for the gentlemen who lock cell-blocks at night or throw switches for electric chairs. Newspapers played up such stories as that of the New Jersey girl hacking her mother to death, the California youth brutally killing his aunt and uncle, the nine young men at one time in Sing Sing's death-house.

Time-honored way of graybeards has been to consign the younger generations to the dogs and let it go at that. To-day, earnest men and women all over the country are struggling for a solution to the problem.

Superintendent James Sowers of the New York State School of Industry at Batavia holds that the occasional gift of a candy-bar or baseball-bat to children of families on relief would reduce delinquency among children. When they don't

have these things, he argues, they find ways and means of getting them—usually a sure route to trouble.

Austin H. MacCormick, New York's Commissioner of Correction, lists as needs better schools with more facilities for child guidance, better teachers and smaller classes, eradication of slums, prohibition of child labor (more newsboys become criminals than bank presidents), and the establishment of State crime-prevention bureaus to aid local activities.

Slum—"When you are making up criminal records," Mr. MacCormick says, "you can put the slums at the head of the list. It is the worst killer in America. A nation has as much crime and delinquency as it deserves, and America is said to be the most crime-ridden of all nations."

"A nation which tolerates child labor must expect to have child crime; a nation

to improve home environment. Pool-room loafers and drug-store cowboys are guided into constructive channels.

In Flint, Michigan, an all-year recreational program started two years ago has reduced juvenile delinquency 70 per cent. Established under Jefferson's philosophy that "schools are built for all the people," schoolrooms in after-hours are utilized for dancing, training in arts and crafts and safety instruction. Playgrounds and vacant lots, even private back yards, are utilized for sports-centers.

The Juvenile Aid Bureau of New York's Police Department, guided by Bynes MacDonald, Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner, is establishing youth-centers designed to take young people off the streets for sports, amusements and social gatherings. It is hoped that eventually there will be twelve bureaus in the five boroughs,

Social workers have found that most young miscreants come from broken homes. Loss of paternal care is regarded as worse for an erring youngster than maternal. Reason: With a father working, the mother may remain at home to guide her brood; with the mother going to work, children find their way into mischief.

Paternal quarrels discourage children, make even prosperous homes unattractive to the young, drive them to leave the nest, perhaps fall into crime. But poverty is the enormous factor in juvenile delinquency, pointed out by Sophia Moses Robinson in her book, "Can Delinquency Be Measured?"

Poverty sets the stage for child crime—squalid homes, lack of recreational facilities in stinking, overcrowded tenements. Youngsters often are willing to take any chance to escape into more luxurious surroundings. Tenements throw all types close together; bad apples contaminate the good.

Unemployment, most prevalent in slum areas, ties in with poverty, forces adolescents to steal to get money for food, clothing and momentary escape into the dreamland of a local movie. With factories, offices and shops closed to youths, the books of the nation's juvenile courts contain such charges as auto-stealing, burglary, hold-ups, possession and sale of narcotics, sex offenses. For 1936, Federal Bureau of Investigation figures show arrests of 2,924 males under fifteen and 171 females.

Victim—Juvenile courts these days realize that the young offender is generally a victim of circumstances outside his control. Goal of a good judge is not to punish the child, but to help him find a lawful place in society.

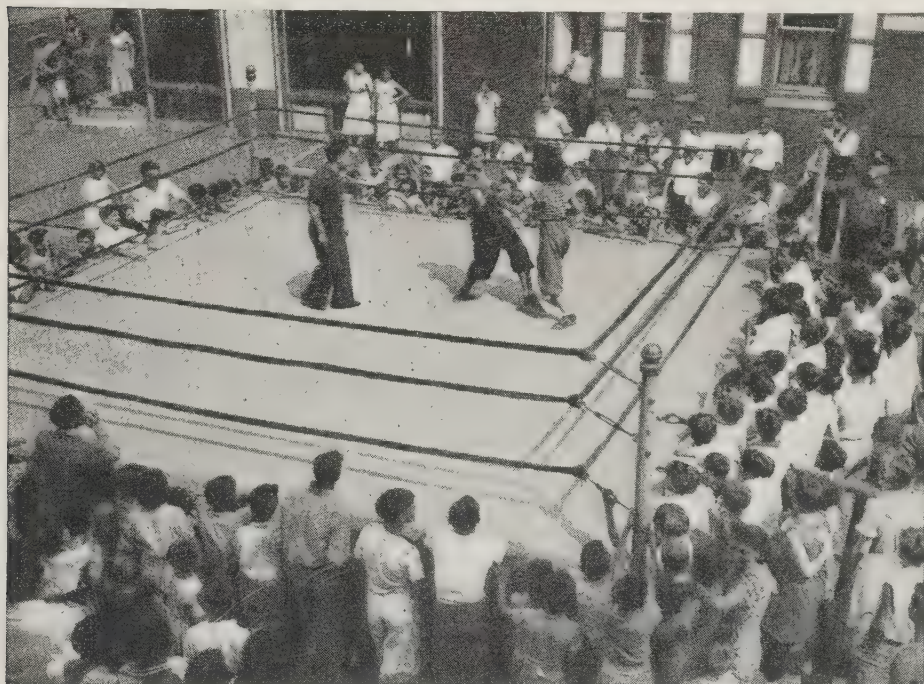
In the Children's Court, New York, the judges are kindly men, seeking to discover latent constructive desires in their defiant charges.

Typical case: A boy is arrested for stealing a toy from a department store. If the court is sitting he is taken there directly; if it is not, he goes to the nearest branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—never to an adult jail.

Next morning, an S.P.C.C. representative takes the young culprit to court and makes a petition (not a complaint). The court then hears the case with all witnesses sworn except the young defendant, makes a finding while the lad is remanded to his home or the S.P.C.C. during a follow-up investigation of his environment.

With the inquiry completed, the court enters an adjourned session, has an informal heart-to-heart talk with the boy, seeking to solve his problems. He may be dismissed with a warning or a small fine; he may be put on probation, placed under supervision. Only as a last resort is he sent to an institution.

Judges are wise in the ways of youth, tapping hidden springs in weeping defendants. A boy whose idea of fun is fist-fighting perks up when the judge tells of excellent boxing instruction available at some near-by boys' club. Kicked out of them by Mayor LaGuardia, the eleven judges of the five boroughs no longer wear austere black robes. In addition, attendants are not uniformed. Nor are there statues of the Goddess of Justice or any other adult court-trappings.



Leather-pushing is one good way to check juvenile delinquency

too selfish to abolish slums must not expect slum-bred crime to abolish itself; a nation that pays movie-actresses \$480,000 a year and its teachers \$25 a week must be prepared to find its crime-bill the largest contract ever written."

Chief G. Man J. Edgar Hoover declares that honesty must be taught in the schools. Nowadays, he remarked in a recent speech, we are accustomed to sneer at the method of old-time teachers who compelled a child to write 100 times, "Honesty is the best policy."

"Dripping water wears away stone," said Hoover, "and so did that old maxim."

Courtesy toward children is advocated by Dr. Bruce B. Robinson, Director of the Department of Child Guidance in Newark, New Jersey. Emotional maladjustment is the germ from which juvenile delinquency springs, believes Doctor Robinson. Ill health, mental deficiency and sociological conditions he regards as contributing factors.

Cooperation—The movement to cut juvenile crime is nation-wide. In 163 cities and towns in twenty States, more than 250 groups have been formed to bring about community coordination for the prevention of delinquency. Effort is being made not only to provide recreation, but

coordinating the 300 small neighborhood units operating as boys' clubs, unusually successful in preventing the growth of criminal tendencies in their ranks.

Hundreds of agencies in New York are trying to reach 3,000,000 children under twenty-one. Across the river, in Jersey City, Mayor Frank Hague asserts that the Bureau of Special Service, connected with the Board of Education, has halved delinquency in that area. In six years it has saved 3,000 children from institutional commitment.

In the Civilian Conservation Corps, the Federal Government has one of the greatest crime-prevention agencies of all time, according to Judge M. Braude of the Boys' Court in Chicago. He credits the CCC with a 50 per cent. reduction in the Chicago crime record of 1935. Judge Braude lays 90 per cent. of juvenile crime to unemployment and the CCC has taken thousands of underprivileged boys from city slums and placed them in healthy outdoor activities.

Laxity—The rôle of parents in the youth problem is becoming recognized as vital. W. C. Godsen, President of the Council of Social Agencies of New Rochelle, remarks that delinquency is more an indictment against parents than children.

RUSTIC STUDIOS FOR CREATIVE FOLK

Cabins Mile Apart Separate Musicians, Painters and Writers

For the first time in its thirty-year existence, the MacDowell Colony—haven for artists—opened its doors to visitors last week at Peterboro, New Hampshire.

Established in 1907 by Mrs. Edward MacDowell in memory of her composer-husband, it has been called the ideal retreat for creative artists. When it was founded there was only one cabin, "The Bark," in the midst of 500 acres of woodland. Now there are twenty-five.

Composers, sculptors, painters, etchers and writers make up the personnel. Last summer, Gardner Read, Jr., twenty-four-year-old composer, evolved there the final movement of the composition which won first prize in the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society's competition.

The late Edward Arlington Robinson, poet, once said: "Money can not buy elsewhere what is offered by the MacDowell Colony to the serious worker."

Breaking Fasts—The colony is built around a group of dwellings near MacDowell's hilltop farmhouse, including residences, the Colony Hall and the Savidge Memorial Library.

From this center the resident fellows of the Colony scatter after breakfast to rustic studios in the woods.

These fellows now number twenty-four, each out of sight and sound of the others. In the studios, the worker is free from any distractions other than those provided by nature; luncheon is brought in a basket by messenger.

No visitors are allowed without specific invitation. At 4 o'clock, the day's work ends and the fellows come out of their seclusion for golf, tennis and dinner. By common consent, shop-talk is barred at the evening meal.

While only twenty-four fellows at a time may use the studios, two or three times that number may be accommodated during a season, as not all stay the full four months.

The resident fellows contribute \$16 a week each for board. The studio workshops are turned over to the users without charge and the other expenses of the establishment—repairs and replacements, services of caretakers and help—are borne by contributions from members to the Edward MacDowell Association and by occasional bequests and gifts.

Select—The field of candidates for fellowships is limited to those who have produced creditable work, measured by contemporary criticism, and who have recommendations from at least two recognized artists in their own field. Such candidates first are considered by an advisory council representing the fields of creative endeavor.

Among guests expected this summer are Thornton Wilder, author; Douglas Moore, author and composer; Chalmers Clifton, conductor and composer; Chard Powers Smith, poet; Charles Wakefield Cadman, composer; Edward Stringham, composer; Mary Antin, Russian author of "The Promised Land"; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, composer; Mabel Daniels, composer; Mary Howe, composer; Marion Bauer, composer and author on musical subjects; Nancy

Byrd Turner, poet; Esther Willard Bates, author and director of pageants and Boston University instructor in pageantry.

With so many composers around it's a good thing that the twenty-five cottages are a mile or a mile and a half apart.

Far from metropolitan distractions, each visitor rises at the gong at 7 A.M. Men sleep in "The Lodge" and women in "The Eaves."

A separate library-building houses the rich and unusual library of composers' complete scores and other books, gift of William Humiston, former program-annotator for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Calm—Example of the solicitude for the artists' quiet is told by former colonist Joseph Wegner, Boston composer and Boston public-school music instructor. Friends drove down from Boston, no sooner had found his cottage than Mrs. MacDowell appeared. She asked if the composer wished to be disturbed, saying it was her duty to see that colonists were not bothered.

Prominent works created at the colony have been many. Dubose Heyward's story of Charleston's legless Negro, *Porgy*; Willa Cather's "Death Comes to the Archbishop"; Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and Edward Arlington Robinson's "Tristram and Yseult" are a few. Other writing guests have been Harvey Allen, Padraic Colum, William Rose Benet and Tess Slesinger.

Composers who have done much of their best work there have been Aaron Copland, Roy Harris and Louis Gruenberg.

Among the painters have been Jerome Blume, D. Putnam Brinley, Stuyvesant van Veen and the late Glenn O. Coleman.

Edward MacDowell, composer, had the original idea. His most productive years

were those passed at his hilltop farm at Peterboro. These were after he had left the faculty of Columbia University.

He wanted other artists to share his good fortune. Before he died, he told his wife of his desire. She has made it her life's work since. In her seventies, Mrs. MacDowell often has faced financial crises with the Colony and once set out on the road as a concert pianist to earn the money to keep the enterprise going.

STONE PANTS: Nude Statues for High School Dressed Up by Gravestone Cutter

Out in Kankakee, Illinois, last week, tongues wagged, politicians and gossips let their imaginations go hay-wire and art was accused of being run on a business basis. Of course, the only disturbing thing about the affair was that a couple of giggling newspaper boys said one thing, school authorities said another.

Now what the press representatives suggested by direct and indirect statement was that "brassieres and pants" were ordered put on the nude statues at the local high school.

School officials fumed at this. It was their art and no one was going to bring haberdashery into the matter.

Reason—Innocent cause of the whole affair is George Gray Barnard, seventy-four, internationally known sculptor, who, out of the goodness of his heart, gave the school some fifty pieces of statuary. The reason he did it was that he lived in the town when he was a boy and his father was Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. The presentation to Kankakee came when the historical society at Madison, Indiana, in charge of the museum there, disbanded.

Barnard had presented the collection previously to the Madison Museum. Three months ago, the statues were shipped by truck and since have been stored in rooms at the Central School, Kankakee landmark, which Barnard formerly attended.

When the statues arrived, a newspaper



Pictures, Inc.

Haberdashery for "The Prodigal Son": Pietro Ghiloni starts work to "properly condition" his statue for Kankakee school

man (some say it was Robert Casey of the *Chicago Daily News*) wrote that the School Board had hired a gravestone cutter to put pants on the male nudes and brassières on the lady nudes.

Barnard wrote to Alfred Beaumont, President of the School Board. He was furious.

"There is no room for prudishness in art," he scolded, threatening to withdraw the gift if changes were made.

Barnard added that fig-leaves might be added to male nudes if they were going to be glimpsed by children, but forbade changes for female nudes.

The School Board wrote apologies for the "misrepresentation" of the press, expressed thanks for the gift and asked the sculptor's advice in repairing the collection.

PAPER HOUSE: Irked by Waste, He Builds His Home Out of the Day's News

History repeats itself in the furniture of the unique Paper House in Pigeon Cove on rugged Cape Ann, Massachusetts. If its owner, Elis F. Stenman, wants to reread the story of Lindbergh's flight to Paris, all he has to do is take his writing-desk apart and unwind newspapers of 1927 telling about the event. If he wishes to review the newspaper history of the World War, he just takes his cot-bed apart.

Because Stenman always disliked to see news thrown away, he developed a secret fluid with which he treats newspapers so that, altho they are tightly rolled and fashioned into tables, chairs, lamps and even a piano-case, they can be unwound and the print inside will be absolutely preserved, since neither glue nor varnish was used on them.

Heaps—Even when Stenman was a boy in Sweden, where he was born near Gottenborg sixty-three years ago, son of a brickmason, the sight of newspapers in rubbish-heaps annoyed him. After he came to the United States at twenty and found work in a New York State ax-factory, he devoted much time to experimenting with paper preservatives. Fifteen years ago, he decided his process was successful and started to build a paper house.

He had the prefabricated idea early, for, in 1922, he took his newsprint panels to Pigeon Cove and soon had a comfortable three-room house into which he moved with his wife and their adopted daughters, Anna and Vivian. He used wooden doors, windows, frames, roof and floors, but the rest is paper. The walls are 215 sheets thick and so folded and treated with his formula that they make the house well-insulated, neat-looking and fire-resisting.

Occupying his attention is the possibility of exhibiting the entire house and contents at the 1939 World's Fair in New York City. If the house goes there, it will be taken apart and put together with only paper even for the frames, floors and roof.

Task—Getting enough papers is a major problem for Stenman. He subscribes to many papers and buys many back numbers at news-stands, but they run into money (he has put more than 100,000 issues into the house and furniture). Foreign papers and magazines from State Capital cities were sent by delegations and Governors' offices at his

Poem of the Week

To the Moon (1822)

Bright wanderer, fair coquette of heaven,

To whom alone it has been given
To change and be adored forever,
Envy not this dim world, for never
But once within its shadow grew
One fair as thee, and fickle too!

Amid the pathless wastes, the flowers
Of vacant silences, the hours
Crowded with voices that surprise,
She took her loveliness. Her eyes
Compelled my heart and made of me
A servant to her vanity.

O mistress of my madness, queen,
To whom alone my words have been
A tithe in song, to whom I have
All adoration, hear thy slave!
Never within this realm shall rise
One fair as thee, one so unwise!

From "Songs From Shelley," a collection of Lyrics and Sonnets Completed from the Minor Fragments of Percy Bysshe Shelley by Carl John Bostelmann. (Morristown, New Jersey: Lewis Biebigheiser.)

request. Most of his building papers are regular editions of metropolitan papers in Eastern States.

Gravure sections of Boston and New York papers were used exclusively in an eleven-foot mantel for a rounded Swedish-type corner fireplace, the brown blending nicely with the yellowish finish of the walls and furniture, but such sections are not as valuable as ordinary editions, he thinks. Not so much news.

In recent years, Stenman has been grouping his history. Herbert Hoover's campaign and election in 1928 is chronicled in a radio cabinet. Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd's expeditions to the two poles are immortalized in an upright piano-cabinet.

Other articles are frankly novelties, altho the papers are perfectly readable, such as a grandfather's clock of rolled papers from all forty-eight State Capitals, a writing-desk of *Christian Science Monitors*, a bookcase of papers from sixty-seven countries.

Now he is collecting stories about Roosevelt's Administrations. He plans to make something of them when they are completed, tho, like the President, he doesn't yet know exactly what.

DIME NOVELS: Once Hooted at, "Shilling Shockers" Are Prized as "Ephemeral Literature"

The professor adjusted his pince-nez. His eyes blinked. Artistic, tapering fingers touched yellowed, crackly leaves.

"Incredible!" he breathed. "Amazing! A gold mine of study for my students! We shall peruse them all. . ."

The professor reluctantly withdrew his intellectual nose from the last of a great pile of dime novels completely barricading him.

This recent "discovery" of an Elysian Field of source-material for American literature has brought a torrent of inquiry to Curator Valta Parma of the Rare Book Department of the Library of Congress in Washington.

Colleges and universities over the country are unearthing historical and literary values from thousands of books which were the "yellow sheets" of other generations. The correct title, technically, according to Mr. Parma, foremost American bibliophile, is "Ephemeral Literature."

York "Bob" — "These were not dime novels," he says. "The first ones sold for twenty-five cents in 1840, and then 12½ cents, which was known as a York shilling. The real dime novel did not appear until twenty years later."

The latest request Curator Parma has received comes from a university doctor who is tracing the development of the patriotic idea as exemplified in the once-hooted dime-novel literature.

Because of its size and content, the ephemeral book collection in the Library of Congress forms one of the rarest and most complete collections extant. Its value is not computable. The earliest paper-backs were classified as "cheap ephemeral literature" and were decorated with startling woodcut drawings and represented the real reading of the mass of the American people.

As such, they had a profound national influence. The standard literature of New England was British in origin, while these publications sprang from purely American soil.

The roots of the American historical novel are sunk in the so-called dime novel—the first effort at popular fiction. It began with stories based on the Revolutionary War, then historical fiction of incidents in the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the struggle for Cuban independence, which started about that period. Next, were social studies of life in the underworlds of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans; also, the first early stories of the West.

Beginners—The real dime novels began with the Beadle series, paper-covered booklets bound in orange paper and known as "yellow-backs." This was in November, 1860, the Beadle Publishing Company producing them.

The whole output, under the direction of Orville Victor, maintained a high standard of historical accuracy and was of as much literary merit as was possible under the circumstances. To-day, they are the only source of accurate biographical material of many of the famous frontiersmen and reveal the social conditions of a period in American development that was extraordinary and of very short duration.

As ubiquitous as they were in the beginning, when competition came into the field, the natural urge toward increasing sensationalism made them deluge the country. It might have been called a "Plague of the Pulp."

Opinion—"We can not yet estimate the numerical extent of our collection," says Mr. Parma, "for it is probably the most comprehensive in existence. It is made up of all the survivals of the original copyright deposits and is unexcelled for students who would trace the entire trend of ephemeral literature."

Not only are the Beadle publications abundantly represented in the Library of Congress, but so are the products of his competitors, DeWitt, Monroe, Street and Smith, with large numbers from the firm of Frank Tousey, Elliott, Thomas & Talbot and T. R. Dawley. Stored away in



© Harris & Ewing

Curator Parma tends tiny books

the stacks of the Library are thousands of original dime novels waiting to be sorted.

Oddity—The Library of Congress has many interesting things to offer. Among others, it has evidence that the smallest printed book in the world is a quarter of an inch long, three-sixteenths of an inch wide and weighs one and one-quarter grains.

It is the complete text of Omar Khayyam's "Rose Garden," translated by Eben Francis Thompson of Worcester, Massachusetts. The book is printed by the Commonwealth Press of Worcester, which has presented to the Rare Book Department of the Library of Congress one of the plates from which it was run off. A copy of the midget manuscript was given to Queen Mary for the Queen's Doll House at Windsor.

There are forty-six quatrains, in all, two to a page, and the volume is stitched and bound in crimson morocco with a gold motif on both covers. This jewel of the Rare Book Collection is kept by Curator Parma in a special cabinet and carries attached to it, a three-by-two-inch tag bearing its detailed pedigree.

Definition—Technically, according to Mr. Valta, who for a decade has tabulated and tended with skill and understanding hundreds of priceless literary treasures for his department, a miniature book is one that is less than four inches high.

"Our collection," he says, "numbers about 800 small books covering all classes of literature. We have a German prayer-book, printed in 1710, with its original velvet binding still intact. Altho the book is smaller than a standard postage-stamp, the type is entirely legible. It was intended to be carried in the glove."

Americans who visit the Rare Book section of the Library are most interested in the miniature children's books, ranging from New England primers to tiny paper-covered Mother Goose melodies.

"The majority of visitors do not know,"

explains Mr. Parma, "that tiny books were issued by almost every nation and in all languages. When we think of books published in the fifteenth century, the group known as *Incunabula*, we generally picture them as huge leather-covered volumes, but several books in the miniature class were printed during the first fifty years of printing in Europe. We have a number in our own collection. The smallest of these is three and one-eighth inches high and the printing was completed on March 23, 1500."

Singular—The collection he refers to contains material used in religious orders and is illustrated with quaint woodcuts. Apparently this is the only known copy, as no other has been recorded by any bibliographer.

Another tiny book, printed in Venice in 1489, is called "The Rule of St. Benedict." Not only is it illustrated with woodcuts, but the first initial is illuminated with a miniature of St. Benedict. The volume is in a contemporary binding, with the original clasps.

"The Rule of St. Benedict" is responsible for the preservation of much medieval and classical literature—existing only in script—from being completely lost, because St. Benedict suggested the monks make use of their spare time by copying the manuscripts.

Origin—The actual origin of the entire Library of Congress was the private library of Thomas Jefferson, now housed in the Rare Book section, near the midget collection. There are 6,760 volumes in the Jefferson collection, bought in 1815 as a starting-point for a valuable book repository. The books bought by Congress in 1800 "for the use of both houses" were burned by the British.

A Goliath volume, antithesis of the midget books, housed in another wing of the Rare Book section, is three and a half feet tall by two feet wide. It is called the "Elephant Folio" of Audubon and contains life-sized portraits of the wild turkey and the American eagle. Each bird is colored and the pictures are natural size.

There also is an 1827 Audubon and a Catesby of 1731.

Curator Parma says his one desire is that the people of the United States regard all the treasures housed in the Rare Book Department of the Library of Congress as their own and use them as such as often as possible.

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Fantasy—"The Unholy City."—By Charles G. Feeney. (Vanguard; \$2.) By telling the story of a mythical city that magnifies all the defects of our civilization, the author of "The Circus of Dr. Lao" lands some telling blows. He takes a poor young man into this strange city and subjects him to all the lunacies of a big American town. Well worth reading.

Injuns—"Northwest Passage."—By Kenneth Roberts. (Doubleday Doran; \$2.75.) This is the life story of Major Rojer, a heroic early Colonial settler and explorer of the wilderness and one of Kenneth Roberts's best tales. It's exciting, well done and destined for wide reading.

The French—"Marriage."—By Léon Blum. (J. B. Lippincott; \$2.50.) About twenty-five years ago, when an unknown,

the ex-Socialist Premier of France wrote a little book about marriage. It argued with feeling for the sowing of wild oats when young and supported what then were "advanced" ideas about marriage. Then, the Frenchman moved to consideration of more literary topics with other books. Recently, his early arguments about marriage were dug up. The ex-Premier tried to hush up the book, embarrassed by his youthful views, but the gentlemen of the press went right ahead. Choice passages from the book appeared in newspaper dispatches. The English chuckled over the sprightly book. Now, America has its chance.

Senator—"Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris."—By Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. (Vanguard; \$2.75.) During his long years in the United States Senate, George Norris has fought uncompromisingly for progressive legislation and the advancement of the humble citizens who had no powerful lobby with which to make their desires known. For many years, George Norris was an unpopular man with the powers that ruled and it is only lately that his worth has been recognized widely. Fitting tribute to him is this painstakingly thorough book about his life.

Impartial—"The Strikers."—By Goetze Jeter. (Frederick A. Stokes; \$2.50.) Once again, with inevitable middling success, an author attempts an impartial story about Capital and Labor. This is a first novel and the work of a writer who, by virtue of a soundly realistic technique, should be watched.

Food—"Serve It Forth."—By M. F. K. Fisher. (Harper & Brothers; \$2.50.) Most books about food are of interest only to the small minority of the population which can afford to spend an abnormal amount of time and money on what it eats. This book comes under another grouping. In it the author lists a number of the foods which have tickled royal and famous palates at various times throughout the ages. For example: The old Roman delicacy made by allowing fish to decay until they formed a powerful liquid. This broth was served alone or as flavoring for other delicacies. The book is full of these bits. It's interesting; nicely written.

Patriot—"Oliver Pollock."—By J. A. James. (Appleton-Century; \$4.) For a century Oliver Pollock's story has lain neglected. The man who gave more money than any other individual to the cause of the Revolution has passed unnoticed. Now, in a thorough, interestingly written biography, Mr. James tells of his financing, including the backing for the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Congressman—"A Maverick American."—By Maury Maverick. (Covici Friede; \$3.) One of the few really progressive Congressmen has written a hard-hitting and what is known as punch-packed story of his life. He has been many things besides a Congressman and all his activities have given him insight into the real problems facing the country. His book is easily one of the most readable and important to come from a Congressional pen in a very long time.

Mogul—"The Great Goldwyn."—By Alva Johnston. (Random House; \$1.50.) The articles, four in number, which ran

originally in *The Saturday Evening Post*, are here presented in book form. First award on the book goes to Random House for one of the most intelligent and humorous production jobs it has done—and it has done a great many very fine ones. Around the midriff of the book's jacket is a band of movie celluloid; the title-page is presented as the credit-title on the screen. Just as amusing is the book's text. Ilva Johnston writes in extremely readable form, chock-full of anecdotes to sugar-coat the content. Of course Sam Goldwyn, far-famed for his abuse of the English language, provides a great deal of anecdotal material. At times the story, even with its amusing thread, becomes a trifle obscure, but if it's not informative, at least it's fun, and that's something.

The Court Again—"The Supreme Court Crisis."—By Merlo J. Pusey. (Macmillan; \$1.) An editorial writer for the *Washington Post* steps up to analyze the Supreme Court situation. Mr. Pusey sees not a battle between the President and the Court, but between the President and the people. "The President received an uncontested majority last November," says Mr. Pusey. "He has decided that it would take too long to let the people approve his measures as they are proposed, so he seeks the establishment of a Court that will readily pass his legislation. By doing this he has made perhaps the most serious step in a brilliant political career."

Ocean—"A Handbook of Seasickness."—By Richard Collins and Francis Kalnay. (Trans-atlantic Publishers; \$0.50.) Counting seasickness a serious problem, the authors have made a thorough investigation of all possible types of cure. They examine medicines and theories without number. How do dogs act on ship? Horses? They've investigated all the possible cures and argue that seasickness, if you're not overexcited or overfed, is a mental condition. Keep your mind busy when you start off and you'll have little to worry about.

Poet—"Hart Crane." By Philip Horton. (W. W. Norton; \$3.) Hart Crane was in his early thirties as he sailed down to Mexico for a vacation. His friends knew he was irritable and moody, but they were hooked greatly when word came that he had stripped off his coat and plunged into the shark-infested waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The ship circled about for sight of the poet, but without result. So ended with typical tragedy and wasted opportunity the life of Hart Crane. He had written a little great poetry in his time and promised a great deal more, but the pressure of an unhappy childhood and financial insecurity proved too great. Philip Horton has not attempted to explain away these qualities. He has recognized them and included them in a soundly written, well-balanced biography of the unhappy man.

Criminal—"Angels in Undress."—By Mark Benney. (Random House; \$2.50.) The publishers are having a hard time to convince the public that this smoothly moving autobiography is really the work of an illegitimate son of a London prostitute. If Author Benney composed this account of his life in the London slums, burglaries, and life with his prostitute mother with no schooling at all, he shows promise of turning into a first-rate genius. Belongs in the first rank of modern wandering boy stories.

"Maybe a rhinoceros has a tougher skin"



● Leaning out of a locomotive window in sunshine, rain or snow toughens any engineer's skin. The train's speed makes a sixty-mile-an-hour wind. Tiny pieces of grit, dust and dirt in the wind bombard the face and nature turns the skin into human leather to survive the punishment.

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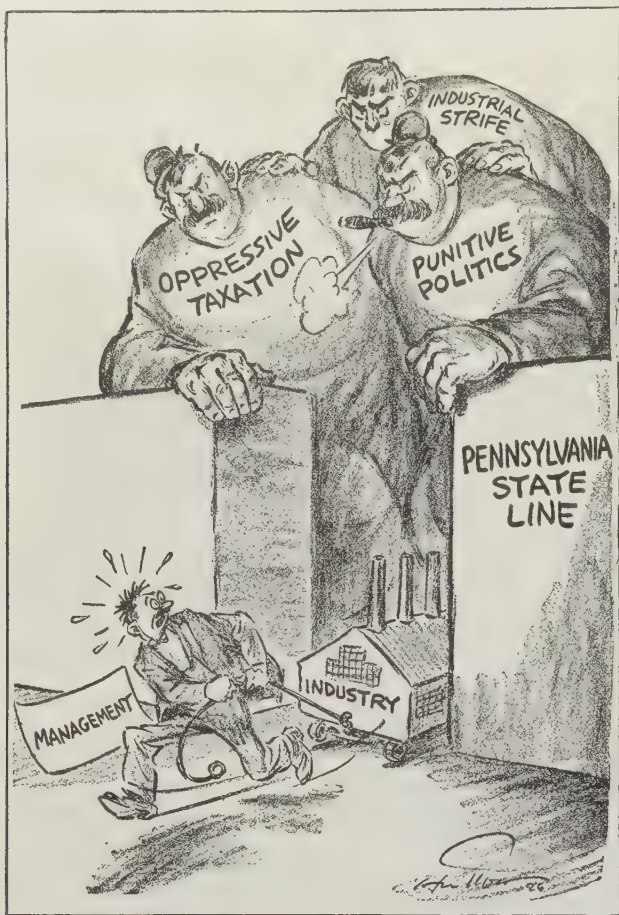
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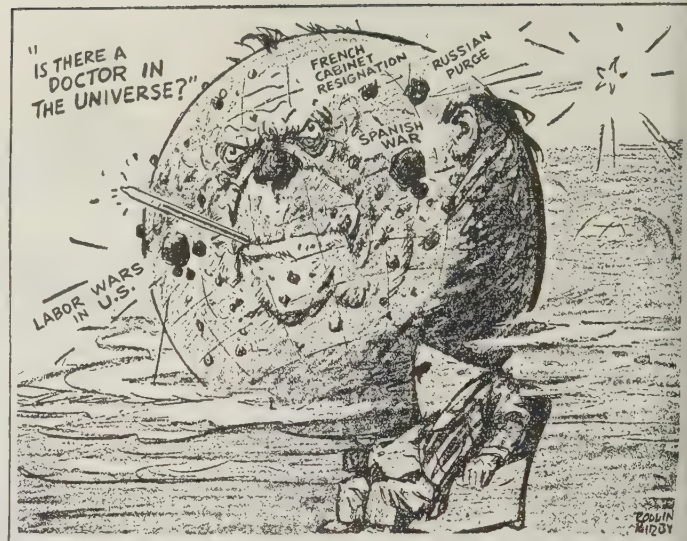
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CROWDING HIM OUT

—Hutton in Philadelphia Inquirer



LOOKS LIKE SMALLPOX

—Kirby in New York World-Telegram



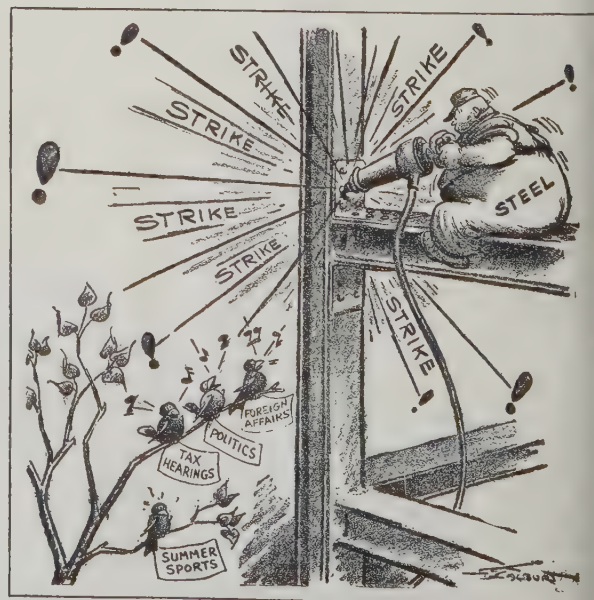
LOOPHOLES

—Burch in St. Louis Post-Dispatch



SPOILING A GOOD FISH-STORY

—Brown in Cincinnati Enquirer



DROWNING 'EM OUT!

—Talburt in New York World-Telegram

Press

COLUMNISTS' FAVORITE COLUMNISTS

"Homy" Writers Provide Chortles for Georgia Veteran

Virtually every one has his or her favorite columnist. Avid newspaper readers have several. There are the Winchell hordes, Broun legions and Pegler fans. A lot of columnists—especially on Broadway—don't like the back-snipings of the other fellow, but most columnists with a daily chore read what the other guy has to say.

Couple of weeks ago there was a little piece about John Duncan Spencer in this department. He writes "More Otherwise Than Wise" daily for the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*. The only fact about him omitted was that his favorite columnists were Ted Robinson of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Judd Mortimer Lewis of the Houston (Tex.) *Post* and Ema Spencer of the Newark (Ohio) *Advocate*.

The reason for the omission was lack of material on these three scribes. So a wait of two weeks was decided upon.

In the scramble of latter-day columning, this trio of "homy" writers may have been overlooked; yet Miss Spencer and Judd Lewis are in "Who's Who."

Up—Lewis began his newspaper career as a stereotyper with the A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company and later served as manager of the firm's branch houses. He joined the Houston *Post* in 1900. Later, he became Vice-President and Director of the sheet and contributed a daily column of poetry and prose humor.

Through his column, Lewis became famous for his "baby bureau," through which he sought to place orphaned children in good homes.

"I started out with the idea that there were literally millions of orphaned babies who needed homes," he said. "I succeeded in placing 222 mites before I was forced to give up the work because it overtaxes my time. I learned, however, that there is no need for a single orphan asylum in the United States because countless couples who have no children of their own are eager to adopt the orphans."

Lewis was partial especially to blue-eyed, blonde-haired baby girls, "because, I suppose, they were the ones most written about in my poems."

Children continued to occupy a great deal of his interest in his later years. One of his two hobbies is devoted to them. His favorite pastime has been amateur photography and he has made thousands of photos of children in his neighborhood. The remainder of his leisure has been spent fishing in the Gulf of Mexico.

Poet—Born on September 13, 1867, in Fulton, New York, educated in the public schools of Cleveland, Lewis is known as the "genial poet laureate of Texas" in addition to his columnar prominence.

In 1929, he was selected by the Carnegie Endowment for Universal Peace to tour the Orient. Accompanied by ten other newspaper men, he visited Japan, China, Manchuria and Korea.

One of the amusing incidents of his life occurred on this trip. This was a visit to the Japanese island of Miyajima, on which no person is permitted to live.

A member of the peace mission caught a small octopus while fishing off the island.

At lunch-time he secretly ordered the live fish to be served to another member, pretending it was the custom. The horrified newspaper man was warned as the octopus was putting its tentacles around the fork.

Lewis's column has appeared for forty years—daily since 1908, except for a brief period in that year when he suffered an attack of appendicitis.

He believes his column is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, running in the United States.

Woman's Wit—"The Melting Pot" column of the Newark (Ohio) *Advocate* has been in the hands of Ema Spencer for twenty-one years. Many of the leading columnists of the country, past and present, have listed her as a friend. Heywood Broun and Frank Sullivan are among those who have recognized her work with friendly words.

Sister of Charles H. Spencer, Publisher of *The Advocate*, she has a keen sense of humor which stands her in good stead when she gets "kidded."

For some years she was interested in pictorial photography and contributed to exhibitions in London and on the Continent, as well as in this country. She won a diploma in Turin, Italy, and received several medals in other European exhibitions.

In recent years her sight has become somewhat impaired and she abandoned this phase of work.

Excerpts from her column:

Justice Holmes once said that "words are the skin of living thoughts" and we've been noticing some words of late that seem to be in need of a facial.

No girl could make, no matter how she'd try

A hat one-half so queer as one she'd buy.

For describing the most beautiful thing in the stubbiest way, we nominate sun-up.

And concerning her, Publisher-Brother Charles says:

"Of my sister Ema Spencer, I am very proud. I always refer to her as the brains of the Spencer family and it's the truth. I know of no person who can do as many things well as she does. She has a fine command of English and a thorough knowledge of literature."

Time Out—Notwithstanding daily preparation of her column, she finds time for many hobbies, including gardens, books and children. She also writes one editorial daily for *The Advocate*.

Alleged busiest of the trio is Ted Robinson, Hoosier-born poet and philosopher whose daily stint "Philosopher of Folly" makes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* a lot more readable to many people.

Mild-mannered and soft-spoken, Robinson works in an executive-like office buried down one of the long corridors in *The Plain Dealer's* building. He works Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and has a secretary.

A burning curiosity for all things gives rime and reason to his daily researching. He reviews books; has a Sunday book-page; teaches at Cleveland College and

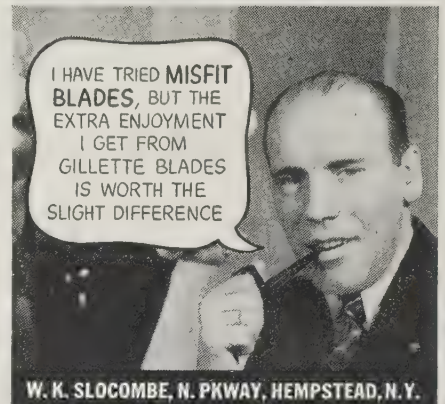
"Misfit Blades Nicked My Face Scraped My Skin

—says Illinois man

Now I'm back to Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor."



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Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

the Cleveland School of Art, besides filling hundreds of speaking engagements. Aside from such routine matters, he reads hundreds of books every year.

The contributors to Robinson's "Philosopher of Folly"—numbering some 600—send in smatterings of nonsense, dribbles of poetry and miscellaneous items of things both great and small. The popular body of the feature, however, is composed of the witty philosophy and varied-mood poems by Robinson.

In 1905, he went to Cleveland and joined the staff of the *Leader* as column conductor. When that paper died, Robinson joined *The Plain Dealer's* staff. To-day he claims to be the oldest column conductor (in point of continuous service) in the United States.

ONE FOR TWO: Making One Newspaper Do When Two Were Needed Before

A wave of newspaper sales and mergers is rumored to have begun in the past two weeks with the "retirement" of William Randolph Hearst's thirty-five-year-old New York *American* June 25. How far will it go? is the question on every journalistic tongue.

Following closely on the absorption of the *American* by the *Journal* and *Mirror*, Albany's *Knickerbocker Press* announced publication of its last edition on June 30, with the afternoon *Times-Union* to take over the morning field thereafter. The Albany *Evening News*, controlled by the Frank E. Gannett organization, will have full sway in the afternoon field, the paper to be known as *The News-Press*.

On the same day, Hearst's Rochester *Journal* suspended publication, along with the Rochester *Sunday American*.

In New York City, the fact that Hearst promised jobs to some 60 to 70 per cent. of the 2,800 *American* employees failed to satisfy the American Newspaper Guild, the C.I.O. editorial union, which demanded that no one be fired.

Reasons given in the Hearst announcement for the New York City merger mentioned "the practical disadvantages of maintaining three competing newspapers in one community." The merging of *The American* with *The Journal* and *The Mirror* was deemed "desirable and beneficial."

The largest measure of employment possible would be maintained, the statement added.

Reasons—Wagging tongues had other reasons for the merger, among them these:

1. Not feeling well, the seventy-four-year-old Hearst was preparing to liquidate his holdings.
2. Waning enthusiasm for his work following the death last year of his chief lieutenant, Arthur Brisbane.
3. High price of labor and increased taxes had made his *American* too costly to continue.
4. The *American* had become a nut cracked two ways: between the erudite *Times* and astute *Herald Tribune* one way; between the bon vivant *News* and savory *Mirror* the other.

As for the Upstate situation, Hearst was reported to have entered the Rochester field by founding his *Sunday American* and *Daily Journal* (two months later) after absorbing the *Post Express* because of his nomination for Governor and United States Senator at the Democratic

State Convention in 1922 (he was defeated for both), and was now ready to quit.

With the Rochester *Journal* and *Sunday American* ceasing publication, the circulation lists and publishing plant were bought by the Gannett newspapers. The news-service reports and many features which have been appearing in *The Journal* will appear in the Rochester *Times-Union* and *Democrat & Chronicle*.

The *Times-Union* is an evening paper and the *Democrat* a morning publication, both owned by Gannett. They now are the only dailies published in Rochester.

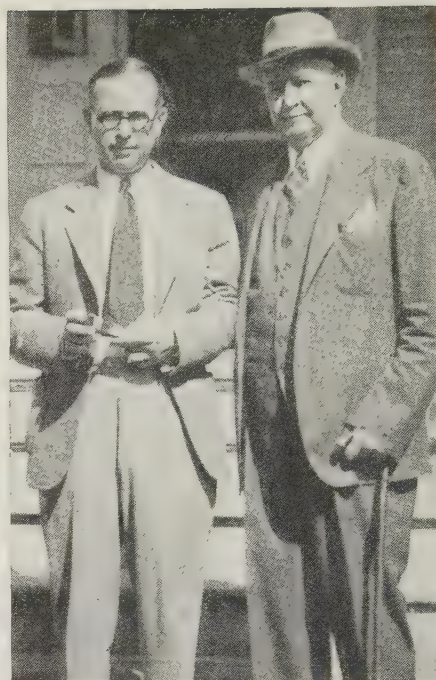
Regarding the Albany merger, Gannett announced that "many employees of *The Knickerbocker Press* will be absorbed by Gannett papers. Others have been granted severance pay, which amounts to a week's salary for every year of tenure, through ten years. Regardless of tenure, a minimum severance-pay of two weeks has been granted throughout most departments of the paper."

Together—As for the metropolitan merger, the New York *American* was said to have dropped \$1,000,000 in 1936, the worst year in its history.

The American was started in 1902 when Hearst rechristened his morning edition of *The Journal*—the paper on which he had won his journalistic laurels. From John R. McLean he had bought *The Morning Journal* in 1895 for only \$180,000. The New York *World* was his only serious competitor in the New York newspaper field, and, with the \$7,000,000 he dumped into the new venture, Hearst attacked Joseph Pulitzer by hiring away his best brains, among them Brisbane. Circulation soared with stories of sex, crime, war and politics, all profusely illustrated.

Anti-British and pro-German, Hearst opposed American intervention in the World War and from then on circulation sank. In 1924, he offered, for the first time, the sale of preferred stock in his papers.

Mergers—Huge financing is required for the twenty-two-paper Hearst chain. In March of this year, Hearst Publications, Inc., filed a registration statement with the Securities and Exchange Commission



Albert Shaw (right), Editor, and Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher, of *The Digest*, which succeeds *The Literary Digest* and *The Review of Reviews*

in Washington covering debentures of 1937 amounting to \$22,500,000. The statement revealed that the contemplated issue "would be used to retire and refund outstanding obligations of the company and subsidiaries."

Hearst Magazines, Inc., of New York City also filed a registration statement to issue \$13,000,000 of debentures of 1937 "for funds to retire outstanding debentures, bank loans and other obligations," and to obtain cash for an interorganization purchase of a New York building.

Meanwhile, other mergers proceed. Two Pennsylvania evening newspapers, *The Sunbury Daily* and *The Sunbury Item*, were published for the last time on June 30 as separate newspapers. In the future they will appear as *The Sunbury Daily Item*.

Announcement

With the issue of July 17, *THE LITERARY DIGEST* will be combined with *Review of Reviews*. The combination of these two important American publications will bear a new title.

THE DIGEST

THE DIGEST will be published weekly and will reach readers on Tuesday, instead of Thursday, as heretofore.

The new magazine will retain the familiar features of *THE LITERARY DIGEST* and, in addition, will carry the characteristic departments of *Review of Reviews*. Subscribers to both publications will find in the new magazine an extension of the services which have won them both a loyal and interested group of discerning readers.

Subscribers for *THE LITERARY DIGEST* will receive copies of *THE DIGEST* for the balance of their present subscriptions. The price will remain unchanged.

Any *LITERARY DIGEST* readers who also are subscribers for the *Review of Reviews* automatically will receive a proportionate extension of service. Because of the unusual pressure placed on the subscription department in consolidating mailing lists, subscribers respectfully are requested to defer any inquiries they may have regarding their subscriptions until July 31. Failure to receive copies, however, should be reported promptly.

Almost without exception, necessary adjustments will have been made by that date, as a matter of routine, and without the need for correspondence. Any special adjustments which may be necessary will be made after July 31, with the utmost consideration for the subscribers concerned.

Boats

FLOATING P.-O.: Detroit River Postman Toots Whistle Seven Times a Day

The postman always rings seven times on the Detroit River.

But the postman is a boat; his ring, a shrill whistle. Seven times daily the sixty-four-foot (and ten-inch) motor-launch *O. F. Mook* docks at Twelfth street, Detroit, to receive loads ranging from telegrams to bulky express freight.

Known officially as the Detroit River Station, the marine post-office sorts the deliveries aboard, then reaches an average of ninety ships every twenty-four hours in the twenty-eight mile stream or strait connecting Lakes Erie and Saint Clair.

Service operates about eight months annually, starting in April and ending at freeze-up in December. Last year, nearly 650,000 pieces of mail were handled.

Roadstead—Considered one of the world's most important commercial highways, the Detroit River is deep enough to take care of the largest boats and its breadth varies from one-half to three miles. Grain from the Northwest is shipped through, as is iron ore from Minnesota, Wisconsin and northern Michigan. In addition, thousands of yachts and smaller craft pass through every summer.

On June 17, 1895, the novel postal service was inaugurated. Postal officials declare it to be the only one of its kind. Forty-seven thousand pieces of mail were delivered during the first year by the seventy-foot steam-tug *Florence B.* The second craft for the service was the *Charles F. Bielman*; the third, the *G. F. Becker*.

The present craft, *O. F. Mook*, was built last year at Bay City, costing \$25,000. She went into operation this spring. She has a fourteen-foot beam and six-foot molded depth and is powered with a 160 horse-power Kermath-Hercules Diesel-motor developing fourteen and one-half knots.

She is named after O. F. Mook, boat-owner and president of an ice-and-service corporation. He has a four-year contract with the Government worth \$11,450 annually. His service enables boats to receive mail without stopping. There is no additional postage charge.

Method—The ships cast over buckets and the mail is placed in them from the sea-going postman. There is a special cabin amidships, beneath the decks, thirty feet long, with a sorting-table. Five hundred pigeonholes are arranged alphabetically along the sides. The pigeonholes carry names of at least 450 lake boats and freighters.

Superintendent Marcus ("Chub") Randall is in charge of this marine postal service. He has six assistants working in three shifts. The craft is skippered by James Mahone, thirty-nine, who has been sailing since he was nine. His assisting Captains are Walter Mahone, the skipper's uncle, and J. P. McGrath.

Once Congress voted a specially designed flag for the service. It was a blue silk pennant with gold eagle and white lettering reading: "United States Mail." The flag disappeared a few years ago when one postmaster retired and has not been replaced. Nowadays, a regulation flag is flown aft.



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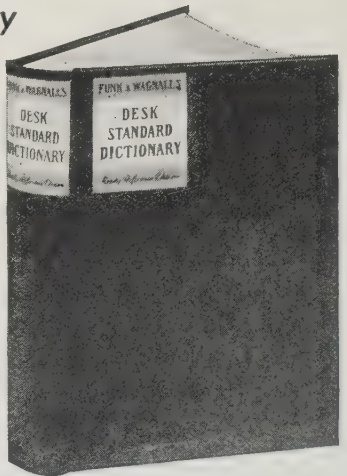
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RABBITS' FEET VERSUS BLACK CATS

No Matter What Game, Players Have Charms and Tabus

Yellow butterflies and hunch-backed mascots, baseball players know, are good luck. But dream about monkeys the night before an important game and you probably won't get a hit all day.

As crazy and illogical in many cases as the hocus-pocus ceremonials of an African voodoo cult, superstitions are, judging from the unswerving attention they receive, as important to a winning team as skill and physical condition. Particularly to a baseball team.

During the long season of 154 games, baseball players have more time than most athletes, on and off the field, to dope things out, to reason why they lost that close one in St. Louis, or flopped so badly against the Giants' most decrepit pitcher. They come up with probably the most complicated solutions ever devised by man.

Bats, for example, are loaded with superstitions. Fred Fitzsimmons, New York Giants' pitcher, once pasted a home-run that clinched the National League pennant for his club. In his excitement he stepped on the bats laid out carefully in front of the dugout.

The shouts and congratulations of his team-mates dwindled to a whisper as they realized the monstrous offense he had committed. He had "taken all the hits out of the bats." They had to borrow a whole new set before the World Series started.

Tris and Ty—Tris Speaker and Napoleon Lajoie had an idea they could get their bats in shape for a base hit by drawing a line in the dust just before the pitcher wound up. Ty Cobb's twenty-two spectacular seasons with the Detroit Tigers may have been the result of his ancient habit of toting three bats to the plate.

Bases, too, are important. For more than twenty years the great Babe Ruth gingerly stepped on second-base every time he lumbered in from the outfield to take his turn at bat. Just a habit, but he

never missed. No telling what might happen if he did.

And gloves. Nearly every player has a pet way of throwing his on the ground between innings. "Spitball" pitchers of the old days always left their palm up, to prevent opponents from dropping sand in their slippery elm. Many modern non-spitballers carry on the practise, in the interests of superstition.

As in other sports, most of baseball's fetishes are individual affairs. Walter Johnson, Washington's famous pitcher, invariably warmed up in the same spot before a game. Eddie Collins, one of the greatest second-basemen of all time, liked to stick a gob of chewing gum on his cap-button to keep away the evil eye.

But superstitions, the boys know, work for whole teams as well as for individuals. The late John McGraw, fabulous Manager of the Giants, and known to the trade as "the Master Mind," once brought his team out of a slump by hiring a wagon loaded with empty beer-barrels, the ultimate in lucky omens, to drive slowly and conspicuously past the Polo Grounds for several days.

Numbers—Bill Carrigan, Red Sox Manager from 1927 until 1929, used to encourage his susceptible charges by taking them around the American League circuit in Pullmans whose car-numbers were good batting-average figures. The Red Sox finished in last place all three seasons.

But George Stallings, pilot of the Boston Braves from 1913 to 1920, had better luck with his superstitions. Stallings thought yellow clothes or advertisements were bad news. He stayed away from them. During a rally, he sat motionless in the dugout until it was over.

When his team started a winning streak in 1914, Stallings decided there must be some connection between that and the fact he had parked his automobile in a



Keystone

Teddy-bears bring Gar Wood (left) cups and luck

certain spot. He made it a permanent parking-place.

Nursing along all his pet superstitions, Stallings drove his club from last place in midseason to first place, heard it proclaimed "the miracle team," and joyously watched it win the World Series in four straight games. Incidentally, that upset what then was a firm belief that the team that leads the league on July Fourth wins the pennant.

No one ever changes bats after getting a hit. Having a picture taken, or receiving gifts from a delegation of admiring home-town fans, before a game, are bad luck. And the best way to spoil a no-hit game is to tell the pitcher he is pitching no-hit ball.

Resin—Prize-fighting, too, is a tangle of superstitions and tabus. Boxers don't like to climb into the ring first—and never have since John L. Sullivan, holding the first man in never could win, demanded that the champion always be allowed to duck under the ropes after his challenger.

In 1892, Sullivan was tricked by William A. Brady, Jim Corbett's Manager, into entering the ring first. The champion was worried. In the twenty-first round, Corbett knocked him out—the first and only time the mighty John L. ever went down for the count.

Boxers hate to see a hat on a bed. In 1932, after Max Schmeling lost his heavy-weight title to Jack Sharkey, a friend came into his dressing-room and carelessly tossed his hat on the bed. When the fighter and his handlers learned he had done this constantly at training-camp, they realized why Schmeling had lost.

With the exception of Joe Louis, colored fighters are notorious for elaborate superstitions. Joe Gans, light-weight, always carried one of his pet dice, Jack Johnson thought a \$10 bill worn close to his ebony skin was good luck. Joe Walcott and Sam Langford relied on Harlem's traditional antighost medicine: Rabbits' feet.

Johnny Summers, light-weight, had the odd custom of kneeling in his corner between rounds clutching his young daughter's rag doll. In Paris, he was accused of working a ruse to get resin on his



Empty beer-barrels lifted the Giants out of a slump

gloves and was disqualified when he refused to stop.

Harry Greb, great light-weight, always lit a candle before a fight and was knocked out the one time he forgot it. Tiger Flowers, who beat him, was a Negro deacon who took a Bible into his corner, reciting the verse: "Blessed be the Lord my God, Who teacheth my hands to fight and my fingers to war."

Pachyderms—Wrestlers shudder when some one counts money on a bed. Jim Londos was once worried by a friend counting money on his dressing-room bed, but threw his opponent in spite of it. Asked how he overcame wrestling's most potent jinx, Londos pointed to the calendar: it was Friday the thirteenth.

Ed "Strangler" Lewis, who never opens a telegram on the day of a bout, has been known to cancel a trip because his clothes were packed inside out.

Links—Robins perched on course-markers, throwing sand from a tee-box, entering a tee from behind and walking on the same side of the bunker with a caddie have propitious effects for golfers. Changing numbers on the ball, using an opponent's pencil to keep score, changing your mind about the right club to use and cross-eyed caddies are sure invitations to disaster.

To win her first National Women's Amateur Championship in 1922, Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare wore the same clothes and ate the same food for a week. She carried a lucky spoon and horseshoe in her bag.

Jim Barnes, a four-leaf-clover fiend, won the 1921 National Open through the simple expedient of carrying, in his mouth, a head of red clover presented by an admirer. But Densmore Shute, American pro who horrified England by changing caddies half-way through the 1933 British Open, won the title anyway.

Pigskin—Football superstitions run to team customs and traditions rather than personal jinxes. Knute Rockne's Notre Dame power-house, undefeated at home for twenty-two years, slept off campus for the first time before a home-game in 1928 and lost to Carnegie Tech the next day.



International

Annapolis kids reap loot from "middies'" superstitions

Midshipmen toss pennies at the statue of Tecumseh on the Annapolis campus to bring the team luck, and the team does its part by pulling down the Pullman-car window-shades when riding through Baltimore the day of a game.

Football players wear No. 13 only if they ask for it and usually think it lucky to wear the same identification throughout their entire career. Back-field men are superstitious about stepping on lines.

Pet clothes, lucky charms, "never-fail" coins and all the rest of the rigmarole ordinarily associated with non-athletic activities have a definite publicity value in sports. And something more than just that.

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, erstwhile "greatest woman tennis player in the world," offers one solution in a recent issue of *Liberty*.

"The more confidence a player has," she writes, "the better he plays. Some achieve confidence by sheer efficiency, others by letting their thoughts dwell upon the efficacy of a good-luck charm."

As for her own feelings about superstitions: "I am still to be convinced of their use or value in sport."

"Well," she adds, writing of women tennis players, "there are some dresses that 'we win our matches in,' and that is all there is to it. My 'little red sweater' is the only one I really like to wear in a match. It is always 'the' red sweater to me, altho I have had dozens of them—all in the same color."

Gasoline—With death so frequently pressing a heavy foot on the accelerator pedal, automobile-racing is loaded down with superstitions. Whenever a driver cracks up, there's always some one, if not himself, to remember some indignity rendered the well-known Goddess of Chance and responsible for the trouble.

Jack ("Curly") Mills, a specialist in the midget-car field, rolled over three times in his tiny gas vehicle at Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City and was carried off to the hospital with a fractured skull and broken collar-bone.

"I ate peanuts in the pit," one of the mechanics lamented, confessing to a violation of one of race-driving's major tabus.

A dressing-room attendant said he thought the reason for Mills's crack-up was that he combed his hair just before the race. He'd never done it before. And every one knows it's bad luck to discontinue suddenly any habit like that.

Clear, cool reasoning made it obvious the Los Angeles youngster never would have fractured his skull had he worn the regulation "crash-helmet" instead of his "lucky" football-headgear. When he finally pulled through, it was the "lucky" football-helmet that did it.

Race-drivers don't like to sign autographs or have their pictures taken before a race. They always get in their cars from the side opposite the exhaust-pipe. Nearly every one carries some "lucky charm" to scare away disaster: baby-shoes, old licenses, goggles—almost everything to which, by even the wildest imagination, they can attribute some power for good.

When Peter de Paolo, 1925 Indianapolis winner, was driving, he always carried a pair of baby-shoes. He lost them once, got them back by paying \$5,000 reward and renewed a winning streak which snapped strangely when the shoes disappeared.

Of course, not even baby-shoes, one of the luckiest of all charms, are infallible. Frank Lockhart had his in the car when

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FEEL better!*



That's why they help to make this the most widely used laxative in the whole world!

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Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy it, and it's just as good for them as it is for you. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. V77, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

he crashed and was killed at Daytona Beach in 1928. But the boys stick with them to the end. No sense flouting fortune.

Tazio Nuvolari, the forty-three-year-old Italian road-race driver, wears a little gold turtle given him by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Nuvolari has been in the hospital five times, seriously hurt, and compatriots, reviewing his many narrow escapes from death, assert he "has a contract with the devil." Nuvolari knows a good part of his luck hinges on that little gold turtle.

Cages—Because of its speed, basketball leaves little time for superstition. On the court, that is. Off it, the players have individual fetishes. Dutch Dennett, star of the professional Celtics, always insisted on having his sweat-shirt buttoned to the top during practise.

Rinks—But speed doesn't prevent ice-hockey from having a slue of jinxes, hoo-doo and superstitions. Most teams have a set order of taking the ice. Bun Cook for years used to lead the New York Rangers out on the rink with a shot at the goal.

Lester Patrick, silver-haired manager of the Rangers, carries in an envelop some of the "lucky hay" that gave his team its first Stanley Cup championship, in 1927. He got armfuls of it from a fan who had scooped it up from a wagon, drawn by two white horses and going in the same direction he was—a very significant coincidence.

The Rangers, losing the first game, stuffed the hay in their shirts and won the second. They abandoned it for the third game—and lost. So, deciding the fan really had something, the players carried it in the next two games and won both.

Cinders—Even in track-and-field events, superstitions are rife. Harold Osborn and Cornelius Johnson, noted high-jumpers, and Sabin Carr, one-time champion pole-vaulter, always placed their sweat-clothes in a regular spot before attempting a jump. Mel Sheppard, 800-meter champion for America in the 1908 Olympic Games, wore tights which never were washed.

Waves — Like automobile race-drivers, motor-boat racers often carry mascots. Gar Wood's Teddy-bears, dressed up for all occasions by Mrs. Wood, are famous.

Ponies—Even tho they may clash, sartorially, with their team-mates' outfits, polo-players like to wear pet helmets. Winston Guest's blue one and Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.'s, white pith-helmet have carried them successfully through many international matches. Some players touch or ride through the goal-posts after scoring. Others think it's bad luck to take more than one shot at the goal in pregame warm-ups.

Gee-Gees—And horse-racing. Mainly because of its close association with the betting gentry, the well-known "sport of kings" is full of superstition. "Hunch-players," for example, place their bets strictly on the basis of seemingly unimportant or insignificant things which happen just before the barrier goes up.

Trainers hate to have their horses photographed just before a race. Riders get the gleeps if they drop a whip while mounting, if the horse snorts while parading to the post or if riding-boots are placed separately on the floor.

Tod Sloan, top-ranking jockey here and abroad for many years, once declared his streak of bad fortune started when he lost a luck-charm given him by a friend. John Bullman, another old-time favorite,



Morris Rosenfeld

Ranger, Harold S. Vanderbilt's America's Cup defender

used to carry a potato with him on his rides. It petrified eventually and added somewhat to the weight.

Velodrome—The six-day bicycle-riders go in for color-and-number superstitions. Alfred Letourner wears No. 13, and a red jersey to go with his "Red Devils" locket. Tino Reboli, former amateur sprint-star, doesn't like that "13" business. During a race he keeps as far away from Letourner as possible. The team of Bobby Walthour and Jack Sheehan, billed as "Irish-Americans," refuses to wear green.

Many of the experts of the daffy whirl-on-wheels demand their team-colors on their handle-bars and nearly all of them carry charms. Charley Ritter wears a pet bracelet on his right wrist. Forgot to wear it once and had a nasty spill that forced him out of the race.

Cues—A highly-scientific game like billiards has little room for superstition, tho Willie Hoppe prefers to lose the "scratch" which other players consider lucky. And Welker Cochran, balk-line champion, refuses to get a hair-cut for a month before an important match.

Yachting, cricket, fishing, bowling—they all have their share of highly-important trivia which mean the difference between victory and defeat. Why? Don't ask the players themselves. They don't know why—but they do know that if . . .

"BLOOMIN' MUG": Sixteenth British Challenger Ready to Fight for \$95 Cup Again

The most lop-sided rivalry in the entire realm of sport is competition between Britain and the United States for the America's Cup, an ancient silver symbol of world supremacy in sail-yacht racing.

Since the schooner *America* won the first cup, presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron for a race around the Isle of Wight in 1851, British sportsmen have made fifteen unsuccessful attempts to regain it. During those eighty-six years they have spent more than \$10,000,000 in fruitless quest of a cup whose actual value has dropped from \$500 to \$95.

Undaunted by monotonous failures, the Royal Yacht Squadron has renewed the quest this year with a sixteenth challenger, *Endeavour II*, owned and sailed by multimillionaire Thomas O. M. Sopwith. Three weeks hence, on July 31, Yachtsman Sopwith will start a four-out-of-seven race series with Harold S. Vanderbilt's *Ranger* over a thirty-mile course off Newport, Rhode Island.

British—From the tip of her spear-like bow to the end of her fish-tail stern, Sopwith's *Endeavour II* is strictly a British product. Her 132-foot hull is of British

Nautical and Yachting Terms

- Abaft**—Toward stern.
Abeam—At right angles to line of keel.
After-guard—Amateurs sailing yacht, as distinguished from paid crew.
Back—When wind shifts counter-clockwise.
Ballast—Weight placed in yacht to lower center of gravity.
Beam—A vessel's width.
Beat—To tack to windward.
Belay—To make fast a rope.
Boom—The spar to which foot of mainsail is made fast.
Boot-top—Painted stripe at water-line.
Bow—Front end of vessel.
Centerboard—Addition to keel that can be raised and lowered at will.
Close-hauled—Sailing with sails trimmed as close to wind as possible.
Corinthian—Amateur yachtsman.
Down-hill—To leeward.
Draft—Depth of water necessary to float vessel.
Fanning—Moving slowly in light air. Synonym: *Ghosting*.
Fetch—To reach desired point when sailing to windward.
Foot—Verb, to move through water; noun, bottom of sail.
Forward—Toward bow.
Freeboard—Height of deck above water, taken amidships.
Gybe—To change from one tack to another so wind shifts over stern.
Haul—When wind shifts clockwise.
Lee—Away from direction of wind.
Leech—After-edge of sail.
Luff—Verb, to allow vessel to come up into wind; noun, forward edge of sail.
Port—Left side of vessel looking forward.
Port tack—Sailing with wind coming over port side.
Rig—Arrangement of mast, staying, halyards and sheets.
Sloop—Single-masted vessel.
Spill—To lose wind from sails.
Starboard—Right side of vessel looking forward.
Starboard tack—Sailing with wind coming over starboard side.
Stern—Rear of vessel.
Stick—Slang expression for mast.
Tack—Verb, to change from one tack to another in such a way that a change of wind-direction comes over bow; noun, lower forward corner of sail.
Trim—To take in on sheets (ropes used to control angle of sail to wind). Opposite of "ease."
Up-hill—To windward.
Way—Noun, vessel's movement through water.
Weather—Windward.
Windward—Direction from which wind is blowing.

steel. The mahogany for her rudder and fittings comes from British Honduras, the 8,000 feet of yellow-pine decking from western Canada.

Cotton for *Endeavour II*'s sails was grown in the Sudan and woven in the small market-town of Crewkerne, Somerset. In the famed Ratsey & Lapthorn loft where, 133 years ago, the sails were made for Nelson's flag-ship, H.M.S. *Victory*, the challenger's sails were double-stitched by hand, then laid out to air in an even temperature for four months.

Before 1685, most of the sail-cloth for British ships was woven in France. Refugee Huguenots settled in Crewkerne, bringing with them their weaving trade. Since then, Crewkerne virtually has created a monopoly in the making of the world's finest sail-cloth, supplying sails for American as well as British yachts.

Endeavour II, designed and built by Charles E. Nicholson, was the outstanding yacht in British racing circles last year. Nicholson also designed *Endeavour I*, Sopwith's challenger in 1934, the last time America's Cup races were held.

The first *Endeavour* took the first two races of the 1934 series with Vanderbilt's

Rainbow, seemed on the verge of taking the historic cup back to England, but *Rainbow*, masterfully sailed by Vanderbilt and a finely-trained crew, won the next four, successfully defended the cup.

Of a total of forty-seven races in the sixteen series, American yachts have lost only five.

In 1851, thirteen other British boats defended the cup with *Aurora*. In 1870, twenty-two other American boats defended, with *Magic* the winner.

In hull form, as in other features, the big yachts have changed considerably since 1851. The first boats competing for the America's Cup had a clipper bow, then fashionable for ocean-going sailing craft. Later, the straight bow and straight keel were popular. Currently, designers have copied nature.

Both *Endeavour II* and *Ranger* suggest, in hull-line, the shape of a half-shark. No new idea, copying a shark's body for a boat's hull first was thought of some 3,000 years ago. Descendants of the original, the Arabian dhow, still ply the Indian Ocean.

Fascinating—The designing and racing of yachts is fascinating largely because of its uncertainty.

Explains the New York *Herald Tribune*'s William H. Taylor, whose coverage of the 1934 Cup races won him the \$1,000 Pulitzer prize:

"One of the few definitely established rules in naval architecture is that the potential speed of a vessel varies directly with its length.

"In other words, a 100-foot boat would be faster than an eighty-foot boat of similar design.

"However, sailing yachts rarely reach their maximum potential speed, as most races are held in breezes lighter than would be needed to drive them at top speed. And in light breezes the theoretical advantage of a longer boat may be lost in the resistance built up by the skin-friction of the hull, the inertia of a heavy boat's weight and other considerations."

Ranger, for example, is larger than either of the other Cup-defender candidates: Gerard B. Lambert's *Yankee* and Chandler Hovey's *Rainbow*, which he bought from Vanderbilt last February. Yet, *Ranger* also is faster than either *Yankee* or *Rainbow*.

On the other hand, in 1930, Vanderbilt's Cup defender, *Enterprise*, was the smallest of the four candidates, but, because of light, moderate wind conditions prevailing, *Enterprise* was faster than the other three.

\$500,000—The *Ranger*'s 135-foot over-all length makes her the largest Class J yacht ever launched. To build, equip, man and race her, Vanderbilt will spend almost \$500,000 before the races are over. Like most other Cup defenders, *Ranger* probably will be dismantled within a few years.

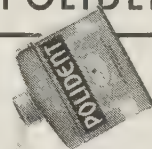
Heaviest plunger in America's Cup racing history was the late Sir Thomas Lipton.

Between 1899 and 1930, he raced five *Shamrocks*, spent more than \$4,000,000, some of which can be chalked up to advertising for the tea company out of which he made his fortune.

The closest Lipton ever came to recapturing "the bloomin' mug" was in 1920, when *Shamrock IV* won two races from the American *Resolute*. Net result of Lipton's five challenges and five defeats was the reputation of being "the world's best loser."

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 Put plate or bridge in half a glass of water. Add a little Polident powder—and see stains and deposits go!

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No danger. No acid. Made and guaranteed by famous Wernet Laboratories. Users say it's a blessing for comfort, convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can 30c at drug stores. Money back if not delighted.



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BEWARE OF FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT
 Says Dr. Scholl, the Famous Foot Authority

Never neglect itching feet and toes. If the skin is red, raw, cracked or breaking out in tiny blisters—it may be "Athlete's Foot". It's highly infectious and often spreads to other parts of the body. Don't experiment with "cure-alls" and prolong your misery. The sure relief for this foot disease is Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Relieves intense itching at once; quickly kills the fungi it comes in contact with and helps nature heal the skin. Sold everywhere.

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PEOPLE TO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

And They'll Wear Glass Duds, Sleep on Glass Mattresses

"Have you ever seen fluffy white cotton-batting come streaming out of a roaring furnace? If you were to journey to Corning, New York, to-day you could see this happen. But it's not cotton . . . it's glass. Tiny threads of it. Each no bigger than one-tenth the diameter of a human hair, but with the tensile strength of mild steel."

Thus, Corning Glass Works advertises one of the new hopes of the glass industry—fibrous glass, now recommended chiefly as a fireproof insulation to be packed between the walls of a building, but already being spun and woven into experimental textiles, potential rivals of silk, cotton and rayon fabrics.

No Fantasy—People clothed in glass, working in glass office-buildings, living in glass homes; sleeping on glass mattresses, soft as down. Fantastic? Not a bit, say glass producers who to-day are joining hands to give glass the greatest promotion spurge it ever has seen. Boastfully, glass producers brag of these other recent glass developments:

1. Glass that excludes nearly two-thirds of the sun's heat, but transmits three-fourths of its light. In summer, a room equipped with this type of window-glass remains ten to twenty degrees cooler than one glazed with ordinary glass.
2. Glass blocks for building purposes, used in place of brick, cement, wood or tile and providing a maximum of light without glare.
3. Flesh-tinted mirrors for homes, restaurants, bars and the like that give a flattering glow to persons reflected in the glass.
4. Glass cooking-utensils of such low-expansion coefficient they may be placed directly over the flame on top of a stove.

5. Glass furniture and office equipment, cushions of chairs and couches being covered and stuffed with fibrous glass.

Proudly, Corning advertisements proclaim: "Corning Means Research in Glass," recall that:

Corning craftsmen in 1934 cast the world's largest piece of glass—the giant 200-inch twenty-ton mirror being ground and polished at the observatory on Mount Palomar, California, a cosmic eye which will carry the sight and mind of man 1,200,000,000 light-years into space, enabling him to penetrate more deeply the mysteries of the sky.

Corning craftsmen in 1879 blew the bulb enveloping the filament of Edison's first electric lamp, developed five years before that the red glass used in railroad semaphores, a glass which will not appear a sickly white through mist or fog or fail to warn an engineer of danger ahead.

To-day Corning makes all the tubing that imprisons the radiant gas of neon signs throughout the country; its machines produce most of the nation's lamp-bulbs.

Newest of the Corning products is the fibrous glass poetically described by the company as "molten materials spun into threads that will not age, rot or decay."

From these threads cloth of fine texture, vivid or drab, can be woven. A suit or dress of glass would wear like iron, be waterproof, impervious to fire and shrinkage and could be scrubbed with soap and water.

But Corning and the other producers of fibrous glass do not yet stress this new product as wearing apparel. Human guinea-pigs test suits of glass and not until glass cloth can stand up under the anticipated broadside of criticism from the textile field will its debut in the apparel world be announced.

To tell the world about glass, to pro-



Robert Yarnell Richie

Craftsman perfecting the angle of a side-handle on a crystal-clear glass

mote fibrous glass and glass building blocks, Corning, world's largest maker of technical glassware, in 1933 engaged Leon V. Quigley as public-relations counsel.

To-day, in his penthouse office-suite on the twenty-sixth floor of 730 Fifth Avenue, across the street from New York's first glass office-building which Corning is erecting, Quigley, husky, deliberate graduate chemist in his early forties (Corning's "voice of glass"), speaks animatedly of two things: glass and Ivy Lee, the late king of publicists.

At one end of Quigley's desk, close enough for him to fondle when sentiment prompts, lies Lee's red-bound volume "Present-Day Russia," the fly-leaf affectionately inscribed to Quigley; at the other end lie two chunks of greenish glass-chips from the Mount Palomar mirror which Quigley publicized, giving glass its greatest spurge of front-page promotion throughout the world.

Lee's unseen hand guided that promotion, for Lee taught Quigley the public-relations business. To-day, even these chips help the cause of glass promotion; Quigley uses them as paper-weights for press-releases lying on his desk.

Cynosure—The "big disk," as the mirror is called, focused world attention on glass and Corning followed up with New York's first "glass office-building" going up in Fifth Avenue and marking the greatest modern departure in construction away from brick, the staple building unit, since antiquity.

Other concerns also promote glass. Recently, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, world's largest producer of plate glass, announced formation of the Pittsburgh Glass Institute which, in addition to issuing press-releases for science, real-estate and home-service editors, assembles information on glass for use of builders and architects.

Producer of much of the sheet window-glass and structural glass used for buildings, Pittsburgh last year rolled up a net income of \$15,321,000 as compared to \$11,398,000 in 1935.

To promote use of glass in building, Pittsburgh and Corning joined hands last



Robert Yarnell Richie

A Corning glass-blower shapes a retort: individual skill of the craftsman is still important

March to form the new Pittsburgh-Corning Corporation.

State laws requiring safety glass in automobiles proved a boon to such companies as Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company of Toledo, largest American producer of safety glass, selling more than half its output to the automobile industry. Net income of this firm last year topped \$10,300,000, was \$8,167,000 in 1935.

Meanwhile, as glass forges ahead, it keeps up a constant cat-and-dog fight with the can industry. Constant threat to the bottle industry, daily enlisting new consumers through persuasive newspaper and magazine advertising, chain radio programs, the tin-can makers scored a direct hit against bottles with beer in cans.

A leader in the fight for bottles versus tin cans, the Owens-Illinois Glass Company, also of Toledo, makes about 40 per cent. of all bottles and glass containers sold in the country. Net income of this firm exceeded \$10,000,000 last year, was \$7,883,000 in 1935.

CAESAR'S GHOST: From Pharaoh to Ford, Anonymous Writers Have Penned for the Great

"We Write It—YOU Sign It."

This advertised slogan, which first confronted newspaper readers four years ago, has become more or less familiar to many who never need a ghost-writer's services, but who are reading ghost-written articles and fiction and listening to ghost-written speeches and jokes every day.

Ghost-writing has become an industry ramified with dozens of other industries in such cleverly-disguised and secret ways as to make it difficult even for experts to find the ghost. The authors of some well-known speeches, plays, best-selling fiction and non-fiction remain anonymous and silent in consideration of fees paid in advance or out of royalties.

Legitimate? This question seldom arises

Defense—To-day, ghost-writing generally is accepted as both legal and ethical; it is sometimes confused with plagiarism, which is condemned and punishable by law. The commonest defense of the average man who employs a ghost is that kings and presidents, from Pharaoh to Hoover, have mouthed ghost-written words.

Napoleon traveled with his ghosts and much of his logic and repartee are attributed to the clever wits and scribes who surrounded him.

Cæsar's ghosts are more than legendary. The commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars are held suspect. The language in Cæsar's book on the Spanish war is so crude that it is taken to be the work of a hack rewrite man who had access to some Roman soldier's diary. Cæsar's famous line, "Veni, vidi, vici!" ("I came, I saw, I conquered") is said to have been the inspiration of a journalist-hack in his employ.

To-day's business executive, society leader, baseball-player, aviation hero, actor, historian, explorer, statesman, politician and skating champion employ ghosts.

No. 1—The first business organization to take care of ghost-writing clients exclusively was established four years ago by Elmer Baer, ex-doughboy, press-agent and newspaper man. Recently, this hard-working native of Belleville, Illinois, an-

nounced that his faith in ghost-writing as a business was thoroughly justified. He is now "doing nicely."

Baer hit upon his money-making idea during the black days of the depression when many good reporters were turning to the Government for relief.

"I fell to thinking one day while I was in publicity," he said. "Publicity is 70 per cent. ghost-writing. The next day I ran my first ad in a New York paper."

The original ad:

GHOSTWRITERS BUREAU
Any Topic, Any Purpose, Any Length
We Write It—YOU Sign It

Little did Baer realize that he was ghost-writing when he contrived tender love-letters for his buddies in the trenches. After the War he reported and publicized. Now, he runs a profitable business with 127 ghost-writers on his staff and he makes the soft-spoken boast that they can write convincing copy on any subject under the sun. Anything from a treatise on gardening to a witty toastmaster's speech may come Baer's way, but he handles them all with the same professional *savoir faire*.

Farmed Out—Visitors to his modest headquarters in New York's East Forties see nothing but the usual worn office furniture, betraying little about the nature of ghost-writing. The actual work is done outside by more or less prominent writers, hacks and professional people—men and women.

Their qualifications are indexed for quick reference. Baer points out that his most competent ghosts would not write for the public under their own names for less than twice what they receive as anonymous writers.

Relations between Chief Ghost Baer and clients are strictly on a plane of confidential business. All contracts are made through Baer or through his immediate assistants.

Clients never meet their ghosts and the ghosts themselves never meet their real employers. As middleman, Baer sets a price on each job and pays the ghost-writer a percentage. The client pays when the work is delivered.

Costs—Prices range from two cents to \$1 a word, depending upon the type of material. The average price paid, however, is from two to three cents a word.

Individual articles have fetched from a minimum of \$5 to as high as \$1,500 Baer's profit varies. Work can not be ordered on a speculative or contingent basis; neither Chief Ghost Baer nor his sub-ghosts will assume risks.

"This is a business," he remarked "Ninety per cent. of our clients are serious-minded people who need experts to prepare their speeches, articles, letters and advertising copy."

Clients may make any use of the materials for which they pay; they can claim authorship and title and profits, if any Baer's ghosts have written some well-known travel-books. Reports on trade conventions and book-reviews frequently are ordered. One client ordered a book-review every two weeks for one and one-half years.

Ramified—The range and extent of Baer's operations are mere straws in the wind. Hundreds of press-agents employed by corporations, public figures and the Federal Government are turning out reams of ghost-written copy.

Some of the most effective ghost-written stuff comes from Washington in the

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"The author sets forth in simple and logical fashion the methods which experience has shown will lead to increased accomplishment."—Boston Globe.

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BEHIND YOUR CONSCIOUS MIND

Do you use just your thinking mind? If you do, you are missing 90 per cent of your possibilities. Those occasional hunches are the urges of a vast sleeping force in your inner mind. Learn to develop and direct it. Push obstacles aside and master life with an energy you have overlooked. Send for FREE SEALED BOOK. It tells how to obtain these teachings. Address: Scribe G. N. T.

THE ROSICRUCIANS

SAN JOSE [AMORC] CALIFORNIA

UGLY SKIN

Don't cover coarsened, reddened skin with cosmetics. Give it the gentle, effective medication it needs with wonderful

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

form of pamphlets, interviews, speeches and special reports. In the first term of the New Deal, the flood of ghost-written stuff reached a record volume.

Chief ghost-writer and ventriloquist for the Administration is Charles Michelson, Democratic Party Publicity Director, reputed to be the Holy Terror of the Republicans. At times, Michelson has ghosted for John N. Garner, Senator Pat Harrison, Joe Robinson, James Farley and even word-loving Hugh S. Johnson, who once said:

"As long as I was where Charlie could edit my speeches or manage NRA publicity, I never made any bad blunders. He is the only man who ever wrote any part of a speech for me and the part he wrote was the best part."

At sixty, Michelson, Political Ghost No. 1, was lured from his job as Washington Correspondent for the *New York World* with a salary prospect of \$20,800 a year. At sixty-nine, Michelson directed publicity for Roosevelt's recent campaign, recognized as a brilliant bit of showmanship and management.

Republican fear of this ghost-writing Nemesis reached comic proportions, as was indicated by the hiring of Peter Michelson, Charlie's cousin, as a press-agent for the Republican Party last year.

Jokes—Ghostly gag-writing is an off-shoot of the entertainment industry. Stage, movie and radio comedians regularly pay \$1 to \$500 for a good gag.

Prince of the gag-ghosts was the late David Freedman, whose income ran up to six figures. Freedman's death came at a dramatic moment, just as he was about to appear in court to testify against his erstwhile patron, Eddie Cantor.

Freedman's output was voluminous. He ghosted many magazine articles for prominent comedians and confected at least one humorous best-selling book.

Many of his gags found their way into the movies, vaudeville and the legitimate stage. Generally regarded as a "queer guy," he lived in a "quadruplex" penthouse apartment and ate breakfast in the afternoon.

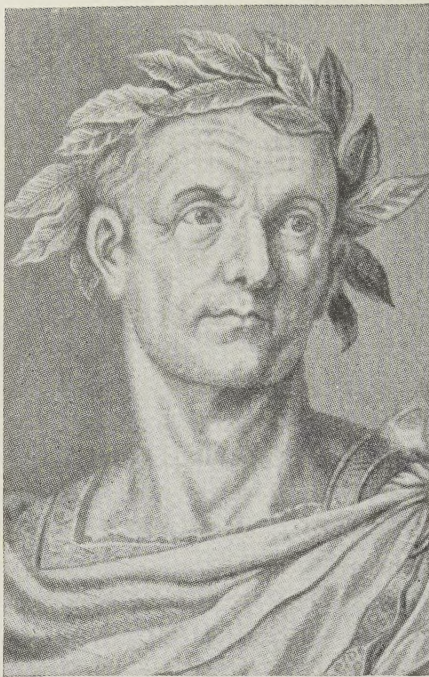
A special kind of gag-ghost is the backstage writer who contributes lines and situation for cartoons. This work provides a more or less haphazard income. The usual price for a cartoon-gag is \$1. Most prolific of the gag-ghosts was the late Arthur Crawford, whose initials sometimes appeared in cartoons drawn by others.

Future—The poor impression made by some prominent men speaking on the radio has given several promoters the idea of starting a radio ghost-speakers' clinic, where trained voices corresponding to those of prominent men can be groomed for the job of impersonation. So far as is known, radio ghost-speaking has not yet been tried, but is in the offing.

A flagrant instance of literary ghosting cropped out recently when Frank Scully made a printed confession of having written Frank Harris' sensational "unauthorized" biography of George Bernard Shaw. Scully did it for a split in the profits.

At the time of publication, no one suspected that Harris, rated high for works on Shakespeare and masterful short stories, had employed a ghost. Scully did not confess until after Harris had died.

No less a literary figure than *Mark Twain* turned his talent to ghosting. The autobiography of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant is believed to have come from the humorist's pen.



"Veni, vidi, vici," said Cæsar . . . but the idea came from some one else

Retort—Papa Alexandre Dumas, the speed-writing champion of yesteryear, claiming authorship to 1,200 works, once asked his son:

"Have you read my latest story?"

"No, sir, have you?" was the son's reply.

The ghosts behind the great too often are kept absolutely secret for fear of complications, but it appears that the number of original articles from the pens of prominent men and women are small by comparison with the bulk of the ghost-written material.

Lindbergh's ghost for articles syndicated in newspapers was Carlisle MacDonald. Zoë Beckley wrote the syndicated articles signed by Queen Marie of Rumania. Ford Frick has ghosted for "Babe" Ruth. Paul Whiteman's ghost is Mary Margaret McBride. Clark Kinnaird wrote an "autobiography" of Aimee Semple McPherson. Samuel Crowther wrote the life-story of



Wide World

"Lafayette, we are here" came from the mouth of Pershing . . . but who put it there?

Henry Ford. Frank Menke has written many articles for Jack Dempsey.

Out—A ghost emerged when Edwin L. Meyer threatened suit against Samuel Goldwyn. Meyer alleged that he had been engaged by the movie magnate to write an autobiography, but that the job had been taken out of his hands and given to somebody else.

The now famous "Lafayette, we are here!" a line commonly attributed to General Pershing, finally has been pinned on a newspaper man in the General's party. Likewise, "Pericardis alive or Raisuli dead," has been taken away from "Teddy" Roosevelt and placed in the mouth of an Associated Press correspondent.

But the most famous controversy about ghost-writers never has been settled, namely, the case of Shakespeare *vs.* Bacon. To this day there are people who are convinced that Shakespeare was Bacon's ghost, while still others hold that Bacon was the golden-tongued ventriloquist behind Will Shakespeare.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

The Lowly Worm last week was wriggling himself toward the status of a full-fledged industry. Nightly from Portland, Maine, freight-cars laden with three tons of the wrigglers chugged to New York. There, "worm-brokers" sorted and packed them scientifically, sending them on their way to salt-water fishermen. Kept in the earth of his native Maine, the worm is likely to get pugnacious and fight with fellow wrigglers. Shippers therefore dispatch them in salt-water, where they apparently are so busy swimming that they have no time to turn.

* * *

About the barberry-bush Longfellow wrote: "Where the tangled barberry-bushes hang their tufts of crimson berries." But wheat-farmers last week saw the barberry-bush in no such poetic light. Rather, they cursed it as the source of the dreaded parasitic black-rust which threatened damage to the estimated 900,000,000-bushel bumper winter and spring wheat-crop (300,000,000 more bushels than 1936). Last spring, small cup-like fungi filled with spores appeared on wild barberry-plants in the wheat-belt. Winds carried these spores to wheat-plants, where they begot more spores which stunted stalks and withered the grain. Fears that black-rust might dent the anticipated exportable 300,000,000-bushel surplus of wheat spread last week as prices on North American markets shot up the permissible limit of five cents a bushel in a day. Despite black-rust, farmers saw a rich harvest ahead as the Department of Agriculture predicted we might start exporting wheat before August 1, no large quantities of wheat having been shipped abroad since 1930.

* * *

Automobile tires of wood! Dr. Harold Hibbert of McGill University pictured them last week at Montreal in telling the Canadian Chemical Association of experiments to find use for the vast tonnage of wood wasted in making paper and other wood products. American tire-makers used 100,000 tons of cotton last year. Doctor Hibbert predicted that a specially manufactured rayon (made of wood) would replace this cotton in "a reasonable period of time."

Mail

(Continued from page 1)

By MERRILL RICHARDS—

News of THE DIGEST's forthcoming absorption by *Review of Reviews* came as a complete surprize to me. I had thought your new format and the many changes in content and style during the last year made THE DIGEST's future position an unassailable one.

However, changes do come, and, while I shall miss my old friend of long years' standing, I shall look forward with interest to what it will do in new company.

Philadelphia.

By WILLIAM A. SHIPMAN—

I am sorry to learn that THE DIGEST is undergoing a change of management. At the same time, I am for THE DIGEST under any management whatsoever, so long as it follows the former and present policy.

Tyltownt, Mississippi.

By MARGARET GRAY—

I have been a school-teacher for more than thirty years. I am proud of my record and find solace in the thought that I have helped many thousands of youngsters to start out in life well-equipped to deal with its many problems.

It has always been my practise to make THE LITERARY DIGEST an integral part of our history class. I sought to instil in them the desire for objective thinking, impartial analysis and understanding sympathy for the problems of others. THE DIGEST has been the perfect instrument for thus instructing and guiding their impressionable minds.

Many of them have continued the good habit of reading your periodical in after-life. I therefore find comfort in the thought that at least this little group of people are of the caliber worthy of true Americans.

Future generations yet unborn will miss something which has become one of the most worthy institutions in American life. I wish the new magazine good luck.

Watertown, Maine.

By LESTER McCOY—

For as many years as I can remember I have been a constant and enthusiastic reader of THE LITERARY DIGEST. The thought that a copy of your most excellent magazine will no longer arrive to accompany me through many pleasant evenings is a shocking one.

I feel it as deeply as the loss of a dear personal friend, a friend who has opened vast intellectual vistas for me and who has accompanied me on pleasant wanderings to foreign lands.

I followed the fortunes of the Spanish-American War, the World War and, lately, the Spanish civil war between the covers of your magazine.

I am a man of habit. The vacancy which the absence of THE LITERARY DIGEST will leave in my life is one which never will be filled.

May I now express my gratitude and appreciation for the fine work you have done and send my best wishes for renewed success.

Oklahoma City.

By WILBUR DAWSON—

At risk of seeming maudlin, allow me to express my very genuine concern over the passing of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

For fourteen years the arrival every week of my copy of THE DIGEST has been an exciting occasion.

Seldom during that long time have I been disappointed either in the timeliness of its news or the soundness of its interpretation of that news.

Somehow, I have come to value THE DIGEST as I value a friend. For fourteen years it has brought me knowledge, entertainment and, in some instances, good counsel.

Through those years I have seen the magazine pass through lean times, judging from its decreased advertising. Yet, never did it fail to give me full value received.

With the passing of THE DIGEST I feel America has lost a very vital element of its being. And so:

Ave atque vale!

Cleveland.

Tongue-Twisting

By EDWARD P. ROBERTS—

While I was reading your article, "Many a Slip 'Twixt Tongue and Lip," I had the radio tuned in on WNLC, New London, Connecticut. Paul Scrimla announcing: "Ladies and Gentlemen of our neighboring city, Norwich! I am pleased to announce the program of the great Evangelist and Spiritualist, Mr. [redacted] which will take place in the First Norwich Spiritual Academy. He will be assisted by the Second Congregational Church of New London—rather, the Second Conversational Church. Oh, hang it! The Second Congregational Church of. . ."

And so far into the night!

Norwich, Connecticut.

Oldest Bankers

By J. D. WINSOR, JR., Biddle, Whelan & Co.—

My attention has been called to the article in THE LITERARY DIGEST referring to the old-



JUST WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING NICELY!
—Hutton in Philadelphia Inquirer

est investment and brokerage firms of this country.

I have in my possession what I believe to be the first ledger of John Biddle & Co., the first entry being a transaction in gold, under date of July 23, 1764. The firm, under several changes in name, has been in existence since.

As far as I am aware, the various changes in the firm name were: John Biddle & Co., John & Clement Biddle, Clement Biddle & Co., Thomas Biddle & Co., and Thos. A. Biddle & Co. On the death, in 1923, of Henry W. Biddle, great-great-grandson of the founder, I became the senior partner of the last firm, the great-great-great-grandson of its founder.

In 1931, my firm combined with Townsend, Whelan and Co., who were established in 1837. I therefore believe that there is little doubt that we are the oldest private banking house in this country in continuous existence.

Philadelphia.

Lawyers

By EUGENE B. GREER—

In your article "Lawyers Eat," in the issue of May 8, you say that Arkansas has twenty-one lawyers out of a total of twenty-five Senators. Arkansas State Constitution states that Arkansas shall have no less than thirty and no more than thirty-five Senators.

We think that you are underrating Arkansas.

Helena, Arkansas.

Arkansas has thirty-five members in its Senate. The error was typographical.—Editor.

Chain-store Tax

By MARVIN D. WATERS—

Altho your June 12 chain-store tax article was captioned "Making Little Ones Out of Big Ones," you accomplished the reverse.



"IF THOU HAST RUN WITH THE FOOTMEN AND THEY HAVE WEARIED THEE, HOW CANST THOU CONTEND WITH THE HORSES?"—Jeremiah xiii., 5
—Parrish in Chicago Daily Tribune

You state that the Louisiana chain-store tax would cost A. & P. about \$7,500,000 a year. Ostensibly you have assumed that Louisiana's maximum \$550 a store tax applies to the entire A. & P. chain, whereas the law only imposes a tax on units located within the State. A. & P.'s 106 Louisiana stores were therefore subject to a \$58,300 tax.

The United States Supreme Court merely upheld the right of Louisiana to base its graduated store tax on the entire number of units in the chain irrespective of whether or not they are located within the State. The \$550 maximum store tax applied only to Louisiana units of chains of more than 500 stores.

New York.

Mr. Waters is right. The Louisiana chain-store tax on A. & P.'s units would total \$58,300 annually on its 106 stores.—Editor.

Kulturkamp

By HENRY PEDLEY—

In your article on Hitler's campaign against the Catholic Church (June 19 issue) you point out that, "Nearly seventy years ago, Prince Bismarck launched a war on the Roman Catholic Church in Germany." And that "After seventeen years of bitter struggle, the Iron Chancellor admitted he had lost."

Were it not for a bad case of megalomania, Hitler might do well to learn his lesson from this historical precedent. As it is, he has been blinded by his success in terrorizing the Jews, who form seven per cent. of the population. Catholics, however, comprise 32½ per cent. of the population, according to the census of 1933. The persecution of almost one-third of the German people may easily prove a boomerang. Let's hope so.

Des Moines.

Potter's Field

By GEORGE A. MERRILL—

In your issue of June 19 your Lexicographer answered an inquiry regarding the origin of the expression, "Potter's Field." May I supplement the Lexicographer's answer with the following:

Why did the priests choose "the field beside the potter's house" and not at some other place? The answer is that the potters and brick-makers always stripped the top-soil from the area of their operations, so that the land had no value for agricultural purposes thereafter. That is why it was customary for our ancestors to use this valueless land for the burial of indigents, who hardly could expect lawns to be planted over their graves.

One of my ancestors, way back in the sixteen-hundreds, had a brick-yard on the outskirts of Salem, Massachusetts, and a portion of it became the Potter's Field for that neighborhood. Later he removed to the outskirts of Portland, Maine, where history repeated itself.

San Francisco.

More Dunking From Tunking

By CHARLES WOODWARD—

Those excellent people, the Dunkers—German Baptists who practise immersion—are not given to hilarious demonstrations. But, if anything could move them to such, it is your derivation of the name by which they are known—the practise of dunking, or dipping.

I happen to be connected by marriage with the Dunkers and consequently know a number of them. I am able to state confidently that their explanation of the origin of the name is the same one given by Mr. Danzberger in your June 26 issue, who derives it from the word *tunken*, to dip. These triune immersers were, to outsiders, the dippers par excellence. As in the cases of the Methodists and Quakers, the people have come to apply to themselves an appellation invented by others.

Pasadena.

The score now being two to one in favor of *dunk* coming from *tunk*, we admit defeat.—Editor.

Tractors

By G. M. WALKER, Advertising Manager, The Caterpillar Tractor Company—

Our attention has been called to your article, "Squat Engine Without Spark-Plugs," in your May 8 issue. An interesting and accurate account of the present status of the Diesel-motor industry, it yet failed to mention the extensive use of Diesel motors in tractors.

America is preeminent in Diesel-powered tractors. The Caterpillar Tractor Company, producing its first Diesel-powered tractor in 1931, has built many thousands since, exported many of them. . . .

Peoria.

Amplification by the largest manufacturer of Diesel tractors is welcome.—Editor.

Short Shrift

By MARIAN RYAN—

I am both interested and amused by your article in the June 5 issue entitled, "Short Shrift." I have traveled a bit and have seen on most of the large European beaches the sights seen by the city fathers of Atlantic City, New Jersey. I am in complete accord with their edict: "We'll have no gorillas on our beaches."

Malibu Beach, California.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Only on the Floor.—"Does your son play on the piano?"

"No; he can't climb that high yet."—*Windsor Daily Star*.

No Emergency.—JANE: "Oh, Fred, the baby has swallowed the matches. What shall we do?"

FRED: "Here, use my cigarette-lighter."—*Wednesday Nite Life*.

One More.—"Daddy!" exclaimed the little boy.

"One more question, then," sighed the tired father. "Only one."

"How far is it," inquired the tot, "between to and fro?"—*The Catalina Islander*.

G'wan.—"Do those Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why do you ask?"

"My daughter is to be married in London to an earl and he has just called me to come across."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

Last Straw.—"Gertie," said her father, "I don't mind your young man smoking my cigars, but I do object to him taking the morning papers when he says good night."—*Montreal Daily Star*.

Golden Rule.—"Your doctor's out here with a flat tire."

"Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter and charge him accordingly," ordered the garage man. "That's the way he does."—*Army & Navy Journal*.

Medical.—"I would advise you, madam," instructed the doctor, "to take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air and dress in cool clothes."

"What did the doctor say?" inquired the husband an hour later.

"He said I ought to go to Atlantic City and then to the mountains," related the wife. "Also, that I must get some new light gowns at once."—*Wall Street Journal*.

More Definite.—"With all due reverence, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello' as you do in the United States."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say, 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation."—*Montreal Daily Star*.

Decision.—The barefoot young man stood before the grizzled mountaineer.

"Mistuh Burbridge," he stammered. "I've—I've come hyar to ask yer fer yer daughter's hand."

The mountaineer knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Cain't allow no sech thing," he drawled. "Ither yer takes the whole gal, or nothin'!"—*Mark Hellinger in New York Daily Mirror*.

Tact.—"Who's that awful lookin' femme in blue over there by the orchestra?"

"That's my aunt."

"Oh, I don't mean her. I mean that horrible one who looks as if she had on a fake face."

"She's my sister."

"Boy, she sure can dance."—*The Pointer (U. S. M. A.)*.



SOME PEOPLE CAN DO IT
WITHOUT ASSISTANCE

—Ding, © New York Tribune, Inc.

Insult.—The three street musicians labored through several popular songs and disbanded for a few moments to take up a collection. One knocked on the door of a near-by house. A gruff man appeared and thundered: "Well, what do you want?"

"I've come for a little gratuity."

"Gratuity! Why, my good man, I thought you came to apologize."—*Denver Post*.

A Problem.—"Tell your boss I've come to see him," growled the tall, broad-shouldered man to the slim little office-boy. "My name is Daniels."

The boy looked at the visitor with awe. "So you're Mr. Daniels," he said. "How very awkward."

DANIELS: "What do you mean—awkward?"

OFFICE-BOY: "I've got orders to throw you out."—*Neal O'Hara in New York Post*.

Accounted For.—FATHER: "This is the sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know."

FRIEND: "Ah, that accounts for it! I never saw a sunset like that in this country."—*Chelsea Record*.

The Hard Way.—Sammy was not prone to overexertion in the classroom. Therefore his mother was both surprized and pleased when he came home with the announcement: "I got a hundred this morning."

"That's lovely, dear," she said, as she kissed the boy tenderly. "What was it in?" she asked.

"Fifty in composition and fifty in grammar."—*Army & Navy Journal*.

Schooled.—"This book of Universal Knowledge will tell you everything you ought to know," declared the agent at the door.

"Don't need it," growled Mr. Grouch, "my wife tells me all that—and a lot more besides."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Dangaix—Alabama capitalist—silent
x: *dan-gay*.

Favrot—New Orleans architect—silent
t: *fahv-ro*.

Ley—President, Life Extension Inst.
—as if spelled *lie* or *lye*.

Nebeker—Washington (D. C.) attorney—*neb*, not *nee*: *neb'e-ker*.

Querbes—Shreveport banker—rimes
with *derbies*.

Sirrine—industrial engineer—as if
spelled *serene*.

Weidlein—Director, Mellon Institute—just *wide line*.

Wodsedalek—Minnesota zoologist—
stress *wod* and rime it with *nod*:
wod se-da-lek.

Slips That Pass in Type

He was charged with violation of section 68 of the penal code making it a felony on the part of a public official to ask and receive a bride.—*New York paper*.

Woman chases man or else!

After piloting street cars for nineteen years, Mrs. G—— G—— lost her job when the street cars were replaced by buses.—*Charleston (S. C.) paper*.

Let's boycott the arts!

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, paying a surprise visit to Vienna, moped in the Bristol Hotel.—*Kingston (N. Y.) paper*.

Guess the Bristol is as good a place as any.

NUTCRACKER SUITE IS FEATHERED
IN PLEASING SUNDAY CONCERT
—*Pasadena paper*.

Every one was tickled.

Mr. duPont spoke graciously of his prospective son-in-law, Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. "He seems like a pretty nice buy," he said.—*Pittsburgh paper*.

Well, well!

For Sale.—A full blooded cow, giving three gallons milk, 2 tons of hay, a lot of chickens and a cookstove.—*Montesano (Wash.) paper*.

If she can produce a bathtub, she's sold.

Judge C. C. C.—faced the perplexing task to-day of deciding whether a fifty-six-year-old barber or a thirty-three-year-old mechanic should be legally declared the mother of baby boy triplets.—*New York paper*.

Perplexing is right.

J—— M—— yesterday was ordered to pay his wife \$2 a week alimony and a \$25 attorney feed, following a hearing in the District Court.—*El Paso (Texas) paper*.

Lawyers must eat.

This short-sleeved jacket of blue and white printed chiffon blue velvet is ready for the summer and is worn with a wife-brimmed vacationist to an afternoon white straw hat finished with a cocktail party.—*Plainfield (N. J.) paper*.

Sounds just a little extreme.

The Parkview corner has been designed by A—— McC——, the architect, with a rounded corner.—*Kansas City (Mo.) paper*.

To make it easier for prosperity?